TERENTI PHORMIO




VE RI TAS
ET
CHRISTO
ECCLESIAE

P · TERENTI · AFRI

PHORMIO

RECENSVIT

CAROLVS · DZIATZKO

PROLOGVM · SCRIPSIT · NOVOM

IAC · BR · GRONOVIVS

ACCEDVNT · IMAGINES · CODICIS · VATICANI
NVNC · PRIMVM · ACCVRATE · EDITAE

CANTABRIGIAE
FORMIS · DESCRIPSERVNT · IOHANNES · WILSON · FILIVSQVE
VENDIT · CAR · GVIL · SEVER
CIↃ · IↃ · CCC · ↀXXXXIIII

THE

PHORMIO OF TERENCE

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE

By M. H. MORGAN

WITH A NEW PROLOGUE

By J. B. GREENOUGH

AND WITH THE VATICAN MINIATURES ACCURATELY
REPRODUCED FOR THE FIRST TIME

CAMBRIDGE
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1894

TERENTI PHORMIO

INCIPIT · TERENTI · PHORMIO
ACTA · LVDIS · ROMANIS
L · POSTVMIO · ALBINO · L · CORNELIO · MERVLA
AEDILIB · CVRVLIB
EG*IT* · L · AMBIVIVS · TVRPIO
MODOS · FECIT · FLACCVS · CLAVDI
TIBIS · INPARIB · TOTA
GRAECA · APOLLODORV · EPIDICAZOMENOS
FACTA · IIII
C · FANNIO · M · VALERIO · COS

RELATA · XX · POST · SAECVLA
DIE · CONCORDIENSI
PROFESSORIB · LITT · LAT · CONL · HARV
CVRATORIBVS · LVDORVM
EGIT · IN · VNIVERSITATIS · THEATRO
GREX · ACADEMICVS
MODOS · FECIT · RECENTIORES
VNVS · EX · CVRATORIBVS
TIBIS · INPARIB · IV
CAROLI · GVIL · ELIOT
PRAESIDIS · A · XXV

HERE · BEGINS · THE · PHORMIO · OF · TERENCE
ACTED · AT · THE · ROMAN · FESTIVAL
LUCIUS · POSTUMIUS · ALBINUS · LUCIUS · CORNELIUS · MERULA
CURULE · AEDILES
BROUGHT · OUT · BY · LUCIUS · AMBIVIUS · TURPIO
THE · MUSIC · BY · FLACCUS · SLAVE · OF · CLAUDIUS
FOR · UNEQUAL · PIPES · ENTIRELY
FROM · THE · GREEK · EPIDICAZOMENOS · OF · APOLLODORUS
THE · FOURTH · PLAY · OF · TERENCE
IN · THE · CONSULSHIP · OF
GAIUS · FANNIUS · AND · MARCUS · VALERIUS

REPEATED · TWENTY · CENTURIES · LATER
ON · THE · NINETEENTH · OF · APRIL
PROFESSORS · OF · LATIN · IN · HARVARD · COLLEGE
MANAGERS · OF · THE · FESTIVAL
BROUGHT · OUT · IN · THE · UNIVERSITY · THEATRE
BY · A · COMPANY · OF · STUDENTS
THE · MUSIC · MODERN · AND · COMPOSED
BY · ONE · OF · THE · MANAGERS
FOR · FOUR · DIFFERENT · PIPES
IN · THE · TWENTY · FIFTH · YEAR · OF · THE · PRESIDENCY
OF · CHARLES · WILLIAM · ELIOT

C. SVLPICI APOLLINARIS PERIOCHA

Chremétis frater áberat peregre Démipho
Relícto Athenis Ántiphone fílio.
Chremés clam habebat Lémni uxorem et fíliam,
Athénis aliam cóniugem et amantem única
Gnatúm fidicinam. máter e Lemno áduenit
Athénas; moritur; uírgo sola (aberát Chremes)
Funús procurat. íbi eam cum uisam Ántipho
Amáret, opera párasiti uxorem áccipit.
Pater ét Chremes reuérsi fremere. deín minas
Trigínta dant parasíto, ut illam cóniugem
Habéret ipse: argénto hoc emitur fídicina.
Vxórem retinet Ántipho a patruo ádgnitam.

THE ARGUMENT

TRANSLATED BY J. B. GREENOUGH

One Chremes had a brother Demipho,
Who wishing for some cause abroad to go,
Had left his son young Antipho at home
At Athens, while it pleased him thus to roam.
This Chremes had a wife and daughter too
In Lemnos domiciled, that no one knew;
Another one at Athens, and an heir
That desperately loved a harper fair.
From Lemnos came the mother with the maid
To Athens, and there died. The daughter paid
The last sad rites (now Chremes was away).
And so it came about that on that day
Young Antipho the orphan child espied,
Fell deep in love and took her for his bride
('T was through a parasite 't was brought about).
The brothers coming home with rage broke out,
Gave thirty minae to the parasite
To take her off and marry her outright.
With this they buy the girl that Phaedria prized,
The other keeps his bride now recognized.

PERSONAE

PROLOGVS
DAVOS SERVOS
GETA SERVOS
ANTIPHO ADVLESCENS
PHAEDRIA ADVLESCENS
DEMIPHO SENEX
PHORMIO PARASITVS
HEGIO, CRATINVS, CRITO — ADVOCATI
DORIO LENO
CHREMES SENEX
SOPHRONA NVTRIX
NAVSISTRATA MATRONA
CANTOR

THE LATIN PLAY.

THE Evening Performances will begin at 8 o'clock, the Afternoon Performance at 3 o'clock. The doors will be opened an hour beforehand. They will be closed at the beginning of each performance, after which no one will be admitted until the end of the first act.

Ample rooms will be provided where ladies and gentlemen are requested to leave their hats or bonnets and outer garments, for which checks will be given.

Carriages will be allowed to drive in by the Kirkland Street entrance only.

Tickets must be shown at the outer door of the Memorial Hall.

CHARACTERS

A PROLOGUE.
DAVOS, *a slave.*
GETA, *slave of Demipho.*
ANTIPHO, *a young man, son of Demipho.*
PHAEDRIA, *a young man, son of Chremes.*
DEMIPHO, *an old man.*
PHORMIO, *a parasite.*
HEGIO, CRATINUS, CRITO, *advisers of Demipho.*
DORIO, *a slave-trader.*
CHREMES, *an old man, Demipho's brother.*
SOPHRONA, *an old nurse.*
NAUSISTRATA, *a matron, wife of Chremes.*
A CANTOR.

IAC · BR · GRONOVI

PROLOGVS

Quod ómnibus bonúm felix faustúm siet:
Fautóres artium haúd iniqui iúdices,
Apud uós acturi súmus Latinam fábulam,
Quam Cícero olim spectábat actam a Róscio,
Opús Terenti, quaé tam clara nómina
Vobís nos commendáre sane cónuenit.
Quod díxi modo Latínam paene erráueram:
Linguást Latina, rés autem et senténtiae
Meraé sunt Graecae, quás uertit Teréntius.
Vt énim quas fabulás uocamus Ánglicas
Eas saépe scriptor íngeniosus Gállicus
Finxít, sic fere Latínos Graecis fóntibus
Hauríre non pudébat quae facerént sua.
Quid réfert igitur ád uos rem prodúcere
Diu óbsoletam, túm ne genuinám quidem,
Vmbraé uetustióris umbram pállidam?
Quia dúm labuntur ánni plane eadém manent
Humáni semper géneris studia et índoles
Cupídines dolóres gaudia ét metus.
Igitúr quod nos Latíne agemus pállio
Graecó uestiti, imágost nostri saéculi;
Ornátus est antíquos, antiqua áctio,
Recéntia ac nouo ín libro sunt rélicua.

THE PROLOGUE

By J. B. Greenough

That this to all be prospered is our prayer;
Patrons of noble arts and judges fair,
We are to act a play, a Latin one,
By Tully witnessed and by Roscius done,
The work of Terence; with such names as these
To recommend us, we must surely please.
I called it Latin, I was partly wrong;
No doubt the verses to that tongue belong;
But incidents and thought are purely Greek,
The Latin part is but the words we speak.
For just as that we call an English play
Is what some Frenchman clever in that way
Has made before; so Romans thought no shame
To take from Greece and publish in their name.
What use, then, now to offer you a play
Not even native and long past its day,
A scenic outline when in Greek 't was made,
And now a faded shadow of that shade?
Because while ages keep their steady pace,
The aims and nature of the human race
Continue still the same; their fear and woe,
Their joys and their desires, no changes show.
The Latin that we speak in Grecian dress
Mirrors the nature of our age no less.
Only the outward acts and garb are old,
The rest is fresh as when 't was first unrolled.—

Quod híc spectastis núper aliam fábulam,
Oedípodis inprudéntis poenas ét scelus,
Erant ílla heroum fácta ut in tragoédia
Quibus récte conueniébant grandia ómnia,
Ars átque ornatus ádparatus máxumus
Laté prolata fáma noui spectáculi.
Humílius nos spectámus, mortalés sumus,
Mortálium ergo incómmodis et gaúdiis
Conténti sumus; diuína di curáuerint,
Homúnculorum tóta nostrast áctio.
Quae támen humilia né precor contémnite,
Nam própius tangunt quaé melius sunt cógnita,
Hecubaé dolores ád nos minume pértinent.
'Epídicazomenos' nómen est comoédiae
Graecé, Latine 'Phórmionem' nóminant
Quia prímas partis quí aget is erit Phórmio,
Parasítus per quem rés geretur máxume.
Vos hánc sequentes nóbilem senténtiam,
'Homó sum: humani níl a me alienúm puto,'
Haec sínite uobis pláceant quae ferimús noua,
Vt líberales ártes apud nos flóreant.

In that you saw another play of late
Unwitting Oedipus's crimes and fate,
Those were the deeds of heroes, tragic themes
For which sublimity well fitted seems,
The practised art of actors, fine array
And setting, with the fame of rare display.
Our aim is lower. Mortal men are we,
And so content the mimickers to be
Of human joys and griefs; the gods may care
For their own matters, men are our affair.
Yet pray these lowly things do not disown,
They touch us nearer being better known,
The woes of Hecuba we 've long outgrown. —
Epidicazomenos was the Grecian name,
In Latin, though, it Phormio became;
Because the 'star,' a parasite, is one
Named Phormio, by whom the most is done.
Do you, adopting Terence' famous line,
'I am a man; all that is man's is mine,'
Regard our novel effort with good will,
That generous arts may thrive among us still.

TERENTI PHORMIO

P · TERENTI · AFRI

PHORMIO

ACTVS I

Davos

SERVOS

Amícus summus méus et popularís Geta I 1
Heri ád me uenit. érat ei de ratiúncula
Iam prídem apud me rélicuom pauxíllulum
Nummórum: id ut confícerem. confeci: ádfero.
Nam erílem filium éius duxisse aúdio
Vxórem: ei credo múnus hoc conráditur.
Quam iníque comparátumst, ei qui mínus habent
Vt sémper aliquid áddant ditióribus!
Quod ille únciatim uíx de demensó suo
Suóm defrudans génium conpersít miser,
Id illa úniuorsum abrípiet, haud exístumans
Quantó labore pártum. porro autém Geta
Feriétur alio múnere, ubi era pépererit;
Porro aútem alio, ubi erit púero natalís dies;
Vbi ínitiabunt. ómne hoc mater aúferet:
Puer caúsa erit mittúndi. sed uideón Getam?

THE PHORMIO OF TERENCE

SCENE: *A street in Athens, leading on the right to the market-place, on the left to the port. At the back, the houses of* CHREMES (L.), DEMIPHO (C.), *and* DORIO (R.).

ACT I

SCENE I

(*Enter* DAVOS, R.)

DA. My particular friend and countryman, Geta, came to see me yesterday. I had been owing him some small balance of cash on account a good while, and he asked me to get it together. I 've got it together, and I 'm bringing it to him now. The fact is, I 'm told that his master's son has got married; it 's for the girl, I suppose, that he 's scraping this testimonial together. How unfair it is that poor folks should always be adding something to rich people's piles! Now here 's Geta; — the poor fellow 's been saving up out of his rations a pint at a time, and hardly that, cheating his own belly, and now my lady 'll spoil him of it all without ever thinking what a lot of work it took to get it. Then besides they 'll strike him for another testimonial when she has a baby; and then another too when the baby has a birthday, and another when it gets initiated. The mother, of course, will walk off with it all, and the child will be only an excuse for the gift. But don't I see Geta?

GETA DAVOS
SERVI II

GE. Si quís me quaeret rúfus . . DA. Praestost, désine. GE. Oh, I 2
At ego óbuiam conábar tibi, Daue. DA. Áccipe, em:
Lectúmst; conueniet númerus quantum débui.
GE. Amó te, et non necléxisse habeo grátiam.
DA. Praesértim ut nunc sunt móres: adeo rés redit:
Si quís quid reddit, mágna habendast grátia.
Sed quíd tu es tristis? GE. Égone? nescis quo ín metu,
Quanto ín periclo símus! DA. Quid istuc ést? GE. Scies,
Modo út tacere póssis. DA. Abi, sis, ínsciens:
Quoius tú fidem in pecúnia perspéxeris,
Verére uerba ei crédere? ubi quid míhi lucrist
Te fállere? GE. Ergo auscúlta. DA. Hanc operam tíbi dico.
GE. Senis nóstri, Daue, frátrem maiorém Chremem
Nostín? DA. Quid ni? GE. Quid? éius gnatum Phaédriam?
DA. Tam quám te. GE. Euenit sénibus ambobús simul
Iter ílli in Lemnum ut ésset, nostro in Cíliciam
Ad hóspitem antiquom. ís senem per epístulas
Pelléxit, modo non móntis auri póllicens.
DA. Quoi tánta erat res ét supererat? GE. Désinas:
Sic ést ingenium. DA. Oh, régem me esse opórtuit.
GE. Abeúntes ambo hic túm senes me fíliis
Relínquont quasi magístrum. DA. O Geta, prouínciam
Cepísti duram. GE. Mi úsus uenit, hóc scio:

(*Enter* GETA, *from* DEMIPHO'S.)

GE. (*looking back*). If e'er a red-head asks for me —

DA. Here he is. That'll do. GE. Ha! Why, Davos, you were the very man I wanted to meet.

DA. (*handing him the bag*). There you are! Take it; it's good money. You'll find the total comes to what I owe you.

GE. Thank you. I'm obliged to you for not forgetting it.

DA. Particularly as things go nowadays. Why, it's come to such a pass that you're expected to feel very much obliged when a man pays you a debt. But what makes you so glum?

GE. Me? Oh, you don't know what a fright and what danger we are in! DA. Why! what's the matter?

GE. You shall hear, — that is, provided you can keep mum.

DA. Get out, will you, you simpleton. When you've seen that a man's to be trusted in a matter of money, are you afraid to trust him with words? Why, what should I gain by deceiving you there? GE. Well, then, listen.

DA. I'm at your service. GE. Davos, do you know our old gentleman's elder brother Chremes? DA. Of course I do. GE. And his son Phaedria? DA. As well as I know you.

GE. The two old fellows happened to start out at the same time, — Chremes on a trip to Lemnos, and our governor to Cilicia to see an old friend. He had enticed the old man over by letters, promising him all but mountains of gold.

DA. Him, with already so much and to spare?

GE. Never mind; it is his nature to.

DA. Oh, if only *I* had been a millionaire!

GE. Well, when the two old gentlemen set out, they left me here with their sons as a sort of guardian.

DA. O Geta, Geta! No soft job you had there.

GE. I've found that out — by experience. I see now that

Meminí relinqui mé deo irató meo.
Coepi áduorsari prímo: quid uerbís opust?
Sení fidelis dúm sum, scapulas pérdidi.
DA. Venére in mentem mi ístaec: namque inscítiast,
Aduórsum stimulum cálces. GE. Coepi eis ómnia
Facere, óbsequi quae uéllent. DA. Scisti utí foro.
GE. Nostér mali nil quícquam primo; hic Phaédria
Contínuo quandam náctus est puéllulam
Citharístriam, hanc amáre coepit pérdite.
Ea séruiebat lénoni inpuríssumo,
Neque quód daretur quícquam; id curaránt patres.
Restábat aliud níl nisi oculos páscere,
Sectári, in ludum dúcere et reddúcere.
Nos ótiosi operám dabamus Phaédriae.
In quo haéc discebat lúdo, exaduorsum ílico
Tonstrína erat quaedam: híc solebamús fere
Plerúmque eam opperíri, dum inde irét domum.
Intérea dum sedémus illi, intéruenit
Aduléscens quidam lácrumans. nos mirárier;
Rogámus quid sit. 'númquam aeque' inquit 'ác modo
Paupértas mihi onus uísumst et miserum ét graue.
Modo quándam uidi uírginem hic uicíniae
Miserám suam matrem lámentari mórtuam.
Ea síta erat exaduórsum, neque illi béniuolus
Neque nótus neque cognátus extra unam ániculam
Quisquam áderat, qui adiutáret funus: míseritumst.
Virgo ípsa facie egrégia.' quid uerbís opust?
Commórat omnis nós. ibi continuo Ántipho
'Voltísne eamus uísere?' alius 'cénseo:
Eámus: duc nos sódes.' imus, uénimus,
Vidémus. uirgo púlchra, et quo magis díceres,
Nil áderat adiuménti ad pulchritúdinem:
Capíllus passus, núdus pes, ipsa hórrida,
Lacrumaé, uestitus túrpis: ut, ni uís boni

my guardian angel was out of sorts with me when I was left behind. I started in by opposition; but, to make a long story short, I found that being true to the old man was the ruination of my back. DA. Just what I was thinking; it 's folly, you know, kicking against the pricks.

GE. So I began to do everything they wanted, and to comply with all their wishes. DA. You understood how to carry your pigs to the best market.

GE. Our fellow did n't make any trouble at first; but Phaedria there, — the first thing he did was to pick up a pretty little harp-lady, and he fell desperately in love with her. She belonged to the lowest sort of a slave-trader, and we had n't a penny to give him, — the old gentlemen had looked out for that. So the only thing left for Phaedria to do was to feast his eyes on her, tag at her heels, take her down to the singing school, and see her home. My young master and I, having nothing to do, devoted ourselves to Phaedria. Now there was a barber's shop just across the street from the school she went to, and there we pretty generally used to wait until it was time for her to go home. One day, as we were sitting there, a young fellow came up, all in a flood of tears. Surprise on our part, — we asked what was up. 'I never knew so well before,' cried he, 'what a wretched, crushing burden it is to be poor. I 've just seen near here a poor girl bewailing her dead mother, who lay buried over opposite. She had n't with her a well-wisher or friend or relative helping with the funeral, except one lone woman. It was pitiable. The girl herself was a beauty.' In short, he stirred us all up, and Antipho cried out, 'Shall we go and see her?' and somebody else, 'I move we do, — let 's go, — show us the way, please.' We start; we 're there; we take a look. The girl *was* a beauty, and you could put it all the more strongly because she had n't any artificial fallals to make her so. Hair dishevelled — feet bare — she all frowsy — weeping — meanly dressed; in

In ípsa inesset fórma, haec formam extínguerent.
Ille qui íllam amabat fídicinam, tantúm modo
'Satis' ínquit 'scitast'; nóster uero . . DA. Iám scio:
Amáre coepit. GE. Scín quam? quo euadát uide.
Postrídie ad anum récta pergit: óbsecrat,
Vt síbi eius faciat cópiam. illa enim sé negat
Neque eum aéquom aït facere: íllam ciuem esse Átticam,
Bonám bonis prognátam: si uxorém uelit,
Lege íd licere fácere; sin alitér, negat.
Nostér quid ageret néscire: et illam dúcere
Cupiébat et metuébat absentém patrem.
DA. Non, sí redisset, eí pater ueniám daret?
GE. Ille índotatam uírginem atque ignóbilem
Daret ílli? numquam fáceret. DA. Quid fit dénique?
GE. Quid fíat? est parasítus quidam Phórmio,
Homó confidens: qui íllum di omnes pérduint!
DA. Quid is fécit? GE. Hoc consílium quod dicám dedit:
'Lex ést ut orbae, quí sint genere próxumi,
Eis núbant, et illos dúcere eadem haec léx iubet.
Ego té cognatum dícam et tibi scribám dicam;
Patérnum amicum me ádsimulabo uírginis:
Ad iúdices ueniémus: qui fuerít pater,
Quae máter, qui cognáta tibi sit, ómnia haec
Confíngam: quod erit míhi bonum atque cómmodum,
Quom tu hórum nil refélles, uincam scílicet.
Pater áderit: mihi parátae lites: quíd mea?
Illá quidem nostra erít.' DA. Iocularem audáciam.

fact, if she had n't been the very essence of beauty, all this would have eclipsed her beauty. The young fellow who was in love with the harp-lady only said, 'She's very pretty;' but my young master —

DA. I know without being told; he fell in love with her.

GE. Rather! See how it turns out. The very next day he went straight to the old woman; begged that he might have her. But she refused, and said he was n't doing the proper thing; 'for the girl was an Athenian, a good girl of good stock. If he wanted to marry her, it could be done in the regular legal way; but if he meant anything else, no.' My master did n't know what to do; on the one hand he longed to marry the girl, on the other he was afraid of his father, who was gone abroad.

DA. Would n't his father have given him leave when he came home? GE. What, he! give leave to marry a girl without a dowry and of unknown family? Never in the world.

DA. Well, what happened in the end?

GE. What happened? There's a parasite of the name of Phormio — a cheeky fellow — blast him!

DA. Why, what's he been up to?

GE. He supplied the scheme which I am going to describe. 'There's a law,' says he, 'that orphan girls must marry their next of kin, and by the same law the kinsmen are obliged to marry them. Now, I'll say that you're her kinsman, and I'll bring a suit against you. I'll pretend that I was a friend of the girl's father. We shall come into court. Who her father was, and who her mother, and how she is related to you, I'll make all that up. It will be good and easy for me, for you won't disprove any of the charges, and so of course I shall win. Your father will come home; that means a lawsuit against me. But what do I care for that? The girl will be ours anyhow.

DA. A jolly piece of cheek!

GE. Persuásumst homini: fáctumst: uentumst: uíncimur:
Duxít. DA. Quid narras? GE. Hóc quod audis. DA. Ó Geta,
Quid té futurumst? GE. Néscio hercle; unum hóc scio,
Quod fórs feret, ferémus aequo animó. DA. Placet:
Em, istúc uirist offícium. GE. In me omnis spés mihist.
DA. Laudo. GE. Ád precatorem ádeam credo, quí mihi
Sic óret: 'nunc amítte quaeso hunc; céterum
Posthác si quicquam, níl precor.' tantúm modo
Non áddit: 'ubi ego hinc ábiero, uel occídito.'
DA. Quid paédagogus ílle, qui citharístriam?
Quid reí gerit? GE. Sic, ténuiter. DA. Non múltum habet
Quod dét fortasse? GE. Ímmo nil nisi spém meram.
DA. Pater éius rediit án non? GE. Non dum. DA. Quíd? senem
Quoad éxpectatis uóstrum? GE. Non certúm scio,
Sed epístulam ab eo adlátam esse audiuí modo
Et ad pórtitores ésse delatam: hánc petam.
DA. Num quíd, Geta, aliud mé uis? GE. Vt bene sít tibi.
Puer, heús. nemon hoc pródit? cape, da hoc Dórcio.

GE. Antipho agreed — 't was done — off we went — got beaten — he married her.

DA. What *are* you telling me?

GE. Just what you hear.

DA. Oh, Geta, what will become of you?

GE. By the powers I don't know that; but one thing I do know, which is, that "bravely we'll bear the burden fortune brings."

DA. I like that; that's taking it like a little man.

GE. I've no hope in anybody but myself.

DA. Good again!

GE. I suppose I must go to somebody who will beg me off in this style: 'Do let him off just this once; but if he is ever guilty again, I won't say a word,' — all but adding, 'Kill him, for all me, when I've once got away.'

DA. What about the harp-lady's chaperon? How's he getting on?

GE. So, so. Pretty poorly.

DA. Has n't much to give, perhaps?

GE. Nothing at all but unadulterated hope.

DA. His father home yet or not? GE. Not yet.

DA. Well, how long before you expect your own old man?

GE. I don't know for sure, but I'm told that a letter has come from him which has been taken to the custom-house; I'll go after it.

DA. Can't do anything more for you, Geta, can I?

GE. Only take care of yourself. (*Exit* DA., R.) Hi! boy! is nobody ever coming? (*Enter a slave.*) Take this, and give it to Dorcium. (*Gives him the bag, and exit* L.)

ACTVS II

Antipho Phaedria

ADVLESCENTES II

AN. Ádeon rem redísse, ut qui mi cónsultum optumé uelit esse, I 3
Phaédria, patrem ut éxtimescam, ubi ín mentem eius aduénti ueniat!
Quód ni fuissem incógitans, ita [eum] éxpectarem, ut pár fuit.
PH. Quid istúc est? AN. Rogitas, quí tam audacis fácinoris mihi cónsciu's [sis]?
Quód utinam ne Phórmioni id suádere in mentem íncidisset
Neú me cupidum eo ínpulisset, quód mihi princi-piúmst mali!
Nón potitus éssem: fuisset tum íllos mi aegre aliquód dies,
At nón cottidiána cura haec ángeret animum, PH. Aúdio.
AN. Dum expécto quam mox uéniat qui adimat hánc mihi consuetúdinem.
PH. Aliís quia defit quód amant aegrest; tíbi quia superést dolet:
Amóre abundas, Ántipho.
Nam túa quidem hercle cérto uita haec éxpetenda optándaque est.
Ita mé di bene ament, út mi liceat tám diu quod amó frui,
Iam dépecisci mórte cupio: tú conicito cétera,
Quid ego éx hac inopiá nunc capiam, et quíd tu ex istac cópia;

ACT II

SCENE I

(*Enter* ANTIPHO *and* PHAEDRIA *from the house of* CHREMES.)

AN. Oh, Phaedria, to think that it has come to this, that I should be afraid of my own father whenever I think of his coming home! He wishes nothing but my good. If I had n't been so thoughtless, I should be waiting for his coming with joy.

PH. Why, what 's the matter?

AN. Matter, you accomplice in my bold scheme? Oh, how I wish it had never occurred to Phormio to urge me to it, and that he had n't driven me, when I was in the heat of my passion, to take this step, which was the beginning of all my troubles! I should n't have got the girl, of course, and that would have made me wretched for some days; but still, I should n't be suffering this everlasting anxiety all the time, —

PH. Yes, yes.

AN. Constantly expecting that he will soon be here to break up this marriage of mine.

PH. Other men are wretched because they have n't got the object of their love, but you 're unhappy because you 've got too much of it. You 're embarrassed with bliss, Antipho. But I tell you that your position is one to be coveted and desired. Bless me, for the chance to be so long with her I love I 'm ready to pay down my life. Only just reckon up all that I 'm suffering from privation and all that you 're enjoying in possession!

Vt ne áddam, quod sine súmptu ingenuam, líberalem náctus es,
Quod habés, ita ut uoluísti, uxorem síne mala famá palam:
Beátus, ni unum désit, animus quí modeste istaéc ferat.
Quod sí tibi res sit cum eó lenone quó mihist, tum séntias.
Ita plérique omnes súmus ingenio: nóstri nosmet paénitet.
AN. At tú mihi contra núnc uidere fórtunatus, Phaédria.
Quoi de íntegro est potéstas etiam cónsulendi, quíd uelis:
Retinére am*orem* a*n* míttere; ego in eum íncidi infelíx locum,
Vt néque mihi eius sit ámittendi néc retinendi cópia.
Sed quíd hoc est? uideon égo Getam curréntem huc aduenire?
Is est ípsus. ei, timeó miser, quam hic míhi nunc nuntiét rem.

GETA ANTIPHO PHAEDRIA

SERVOS ADVLESCENTES II

GE. Núllus es, Getá, nisi iam aliquod tíbi consilium célere reperis: I 4
Íta nunc inparátum subito tánta te inpendént mala;
Quae néque uti deuitém scio neque quó modo me inde éxtraham;
Nam nón potest celári nostra díutius iam audácia. 4
AN. Quid íllic commotús uenit? 6
GE. Tum témporis mihi púnctum ad hanc rem est: érus adest. AN. Quid illúc malist?
GE. Quód quom audierit, quód eius remedium ínueniam iracúndiae?

To say nothing of your having got a well-born lady without any expense, and of having the wife of your choice publicly acknowledged, and without any scandal! Here you are perfectly happy except for one thing, — a temper to bear it all with equanimity. If you had to deal with a slave-trader like that one of mine, then you 'd find out! But that 's the way almost all of us are made; we 're dissatisfied with our own lot.

AN. On the contrary, Phaedria, it seems to me that you are the lucky man. You 're still perfectly free to make up your mind to your liking, — to keep your sweetheart or to give her up. But I, unluckily, have got into such a fix that I can neither keep mine nor let her go either. But what 's here? Is n't this Geta I see running up this way? it 's the very man. Oh, dear me, I 'm dreadfully frightened about the news he may be bringing! (*They retire up.*)

SCENE II

(*Enter* GETA, *hastily from the port.*)

GE. You 're done for, Geta, unless you find some way out and mighty quick! Such troubles threaten you all of a sudden and you 're so unprepared. I don't see how to dodge them or how to get myself out of this fix. Our reckless doings can't possibly be concealed any longer.

AN. (*aside.*) Why in the world is the man come in such a fright?

GE. Besides, I' ve only a minute to think of it; master 's close by.

AN. (*aside.*) What 's this trouble?

GE. Once he's heard of it, how shall I head off his fury?

Loquárne? incendam; táceam? instigem; púrgem me? laterém lauem.
Heú me miserum! quóm mihi paueo, tum Ántipho me excrúciat animi:
Eíus me miseret, eí nunc timeo, is núnc me retinet; nam ábsque eo esset,
Récte ego mihi uidíssem et senis essem últus iracúndiam:
Áliquid conuasássem atque hinc me cónicerem protinam ín pedes.
AN. Quam *nam* híc fugam aut furtúm parat?
GE. Sed ubi Ántiphonem réperiam? aut qua quaérere insistám uia?
PH. Te nóminat. AN. Nescío quod magnum hoc núntio expectó malum. PH. Ah.
[Sanusne es?] GE. Domum íre pergam: ibi plúrimumst. PH. Reuocémus hominem. AN. Sta ílico. GE. Hem,
Sátis pro imperio, quísquis es. AN. Geta. GE. Ípsest quem uolui óbuiam.
AN. Cédo, quid portas, óbsecro? atque id, sí potes, uerbo éxpedi.
GE. Fáciam. AN. Eloquere. GE. Módo apud portum . . AN. Meúmne? GE. Intellexti. AN. Óccidi. PH. Hem.
AN. Quíd agam? PH. Quid aïs? GE. Huíus patrem uidísse me, [et] patruóm tuom.
AN. Nám quod ego huic nunc súbito exitio rémedium inueniám miser?
Quód si eo meae fortúnae redeunt, Phánium, abs te ut dístrahar,
Núllast mihi uita éxpetenda. GE. Ergo ístaec quom ita sint, Ántipho,
Tánto magis te aduígilare aequomst: fórtis fortuna ádiuuat.

Talk? 't would set him afire. Silence? merely egging him on. Clear myself? might as well wash a brick. Oh, dear me! I'm frightened on my own account, and then I'm in torture when I think of Antipho. He's the man I'm sorry for. I'm afraid for his sake now, and it's he that keeps me here. Why, if it were not for him, I should have seen to myself easily enough, and got even with the old man for his anger. I should just have got some traps together, and then taken to my heels straight out of here.

AN. (*aside.*) Why, what's this he's plotting about running away or stealing?

GE. But where shall I find Antipho? which way shall I go to look for him?

PH. (*aside.*) He's talking about you.

AN. (*aside.*) I dread some great misfortune from this news. PH. (*aside.*) Oh, dear!

GE. I'll go on home. That's where he is generally.

PH. (*aside.*) Let's call the fellow back.

AN. Stop where you are!

GE. Ha! pretty peremptory, don't care who you are!

AN. Geta! GE. It's the very man I wanted to find.

AN. Out with your news, for mercy's sake; and, if you can, despatch it in one word.

GE. I will. AN. Speak out.

GE. Just now, down at the port — AN. My —

GE. You've hit it. AN. I'm a dead man!

PH. Whew! AN. What shall I do? PH. What's this you say?

GE. That I saw his father, your uncle.

AN. Now how am I to find a way out of this sudden catastrophe, dear, dear me? Why, life isn't worth living, if it's my fate to be torn away from you, Phanium.

GE. Well, if that's so, Antipho, there's all the more need of being wide awake. Fortune favors the brave.

AN. Nón sum apud me. GE. Atqui ópus est nunc quom máxume ut sis, Ántipho;
Nám si senserít te timidum páter esse, arbitrábitur
Cómmeruisse cúlpam. PH. Hoc uerumst. AN. Nón possum inmutárier.
GE. Quíd faceres, si aliúd quid grauius tíbi nunc faciundúm foret?
AN. Quom hóc non possum, illúd minus possem. GE. Hoc níl est, Phaedria: ílicet.
Quíd hic conterimus óperam frustra? quín abeo? PH. Et quidem ego? AN. Óbsecro,
Quíd si adsimulo? sátinest. GE. Garris. AN. Vóltum contemplámini: em,
Sátine sic est? GE. Nón. AN. Quid si sic? GE. Própemodum. AN. Quid síc? GE. Sat est:
Ém, istuc serua; et uérbum uerbo, pár pari ut respóndeas,
Né te iratus suís saeuidicis díctis protelét. AN. Scio.
GE. Ví coactum te ésse inuitum. PH. Lége, iudició. GE. Tenes?
Séd quis hic est senéx, quem uideo in última platea? ípsus est.
AN. Non póssum adesse. GE. Ah, quíd agis? quo abis, Ántipho?
Mane ínquam. AN. Egomet me nóui et peccatúm meum:
Vobís commendo Phánium et uitám meam. —
PH. Geta, quíd nunc fiet? GE. Tú iam litis aúdies;
Ego pléctar pendens, nísi quid me feféllerit.
Sed quód modo hic nos Ántiphonem mónuimus,
Id nósmet ipsos fácere oportet, Phaédria.
PH. Aufér mi ' oportet ': quín tu quid faciam ímpera.
GE. Meminístin, olim ut fúerit uostra orátio
In re íncipiunda ad défendendam nóxiam,
Iustam íllam causam, fácilem, uincibilem, óptumam?

AN. I'm all abroad! GE. But that's just where you must n't be now, Antipho; for your father will think you guilty if he sees you frightened.

PH. That's true. AN. I can't change my nature.

GE. Suppose you had to do something still harder, what then? AN. As I can't do this, I could do that still less.

GE. It's no use, Phaedria; it's all over. Why waste our time here for nothing? I'm off. PH. And I too (*going*).

AN. For mercy's sake! Suppose I make believe? will this do? (*strikes an attitude.*) GE. Silly!

AN. But just look at my face. There! is that satisfactory? GE. No. AN. How about this?

GE. Pretty fair. AN. And this?

GE. That will do. Keep that, and look out that you answer him word for word, tit for tat, so that he shan't rout you with harsh language while he's in a passion.

AN. I understand. GE. Say you were forced into it, against your will. PH. By the law — by the court.

GE. Do you catch on? But who's that old man I see down the street? it's the governor!

AN. I can't face him. GE. Here! what are you doing? where are you going, Antipho? Wait, I say.

AN. I know myself and my own fault. I leave Phanium and my own life in your hands. (*Runs off*, R.)

PH. What's going to be done now, Geta?

GE. You 'll get a wigging pretty soon, and I shall be strung up and whipped, if I'm not mistaken. But we ought to do ourselves, Phaedria, just what we were advising Antipho.

PH. None of your 'oughts.' Just give me your orders what I'm to do.

GE. Do you remember what you said long ago when we started in with this affair, about protecting ourselves from trouble, — that the other side's case was just, easy, sure to win, the best in the world?

PH. Memini. GE. Ém, nunc ipsast ópus, ea aut, si quíd potest,
Melióre et callidióre. PH. Fiet sédulo.
GE. Nunc príor adito tu, égo in insidiis híc ero
Subcénturiatus, sí quid deficiás. PH. Age.

DEMIPHO SENEX, PHAEDRIA ADVLESCENS, GETA SERVOS

DE. Ítane tandem uxórem duxit Ántipho iniussú meo? II 1
Néc meum imperium, ac mítto imperium, nón simultatém meam
Reueréri saltem! nón pudere! o fácinus audax, ó Geta
Monitór! GE. Vix tandem. DE. Quíd mihi dicent aút quam causam réperient?
Demíror. GE. Atqui réperiam: aliud cúra. DE. An hoc dicét mihi:
'Inuítus feci. léx coëgit'? aúdio, fateór. GE. Places.
DE. Verúm scientem, tácitum causam trádere aduorsáriis,
Etiámne id lex coëgit? PH. Illud dúrum. GE. Ego expediám: sine.
DE. Incértumst quid agam, quía praeter spem atque íncredibile hoc mi óbtigit:
Ita sum ínritatus, ánimum ut nequeam ad cógitandum instítuere.
Quam ob rem ómnis, quom secúndae res sunt máxume, tum máxume
Meditári secum opórtet, quo pacto áduorsam aerumnám ferant:
[Pericla, damna, exilia peregre rediens semper cogitet]
Aut fíli peccatum aút uxoris mórtem aut morbum fíliae;

PH. Yes, I remember.

GE. Well, now 's the time for that very plea, or, if possible, for a better and one more cunning still.

PH. I 'll do my best.

GE. You go up to him first, and I 'll stay here in ambush as a reserve force, in case you fail.

PH. Very well. (GETA *retires up.*)

SCENE III

(*Enter* DEMIPHO, L.)

DE. What, what, what! Antipho's got married, has he, without my consent? As for my authority, — well, never mind authority, — but only think of his having no regard even for my displeasure! Not a bit ashamed, either. Oh, what a monstrous thing! Oh, Geta, Geta, you rare adviser!

GE. (*aside.*) In for it at last!

DE. Now what will they say to me? what excuse will they find? I wonder very much.

GE. (*aside.*) Oh, I shall find one; you need n't worry about that. DE. Is this what he 'll say: 'I did it against my will; the law forced me to it.' Yes, yes; I admit it.

GE. You old dear! DE. But with his eyes open, without a word, to give up the case to the other side! did the law force him to that?

PH. (*aside.*) Ah, that 's a hard nut!

GE. (*aside.*) I 'll crack it, though; let me alone for that!

DE. It 's taken me so unawares, — it 's so past belief that I can't tell what to do. I 'm so much exasperated that I can't compose my mind to think it over. Well, the fact is, when everything is most successful with you, then 's the time to reflect how to bear the brunt of trouble, — your son's bad conduct, your wife's death, your daughter's illness; —

Commúnia esse haec, fíeri posse, ut né quid animo sít nouom;
Quidquíd praeter spem euéniat, omne id députare esse ín lucro.
GE. O Phaédria, incredíbile[st] quantum erum ánte eo sapiéntia.
Meditáta mihi sunt ómnia mea incómmoda, erus si rédierit:
Moléndum*st* in pistríno, uapulándum, habendae cómpedes,
Opus rúri faciundum. hórum nil quicquam áccidet animó nouom.
Quidquíd praeter spem euéniet, omne id députabo esse ín lucro.
Séd quid cessas hóminem adire et blánde in principio ádloquí?
DE. Phaédriam mei frátris uideo fílium mi ire óbuiam.
PH. Mi pátrue, salue. DE. Sálue; sed ubist Ántipho?
PH. Saluóm uenire . . DE. Crédo; hoc respondé mihi.
PH. Valet, híc est; sed satin ómnia ex senténtia?
DE. Vellém quidem. PH. Quid istúc est? DE. Rogitas, Phaédria?
Bonás me absente hic cónfecistis núptias.
PH. Eho, an íd suscenses núnc illi? GE. Artificém probum!
DE. Egon ílli non suscénseam? ipsum géstio
Dari mi ín conspectum, núnc sua culpa út sciat
Leném patrem illum fáctum me esse acérrumum.
PH. Atquí nihil fecit, pátrue, quod suscénseas.
DE. Ecce aútem similia ómnia! omnes cóngruont:
Vnúm quom noris, ómnis noris. PH. Haúd itast.
DE. Hic in nóxiast, ille ád d*ic*endam caúsam adest;
Quom illést, hic praestost: trádunt operas mútuas.
GE. Probe hórum facta inprúdens depinxít senex.

these things happen to everybody, they can happen to you, so there should n't be anything surprising in them; but everything that surprises you by ending well, you can set down as so much clear gain.

GE. (*aside.*) Ha, Phaedria! It's past belief how much more of a sage I am than my master. I *have* reflected on all the troubles that master's return will bring upon *me*,— grinding to do at the mill, floggings to get, fetters to wear, set to work on the farm. Not a single one of them will take me by surprise. But everything that surprises me by ending well, I shall set down as so much clear gain. But why don't you step up to him and address him politely to begin with?

DE. There's my nephew Phaedria, I see, coming to meet me. PH. How do you do, uncle? DE. How do you do? but where's Antipho? PH. You've got back safe,—

DE. Yes, yes; but answer my question.

PH. He's well—he's here; but has everything gone to your liking? DE. I wish it had, indeed.

PH. Why, what's the matter?

DE. What a question, Phaedria! This is a fine marriage that you've cooked up here while I was away!

PH. Holloa! are you angry with him for that?

GE. (*aside.*) Fine acting!

DE. And should n't I be angry with him? Why, I'm just aching to get a sight of him, so that he may find out once for all how he's turned his good-natured old father into a perfect savage! PH. But he has n't done anything to make you angry, uncle. DE. Now just look at that! birds of a feather! they're all in it! When you know one, you know all. PH. It is n't so.

DE. When A's in trouble, B turns up to make excuses for him; and when it's B, then up comes A. They go partners in it. GE. (*aside.*) The old man's drawn a fine sketch of their proceedings without knowing it.

DE. Nam ni haéc ita essent, cum íllo haud stares, Phaédria.
PH. Si est, pátrue, culpam ut Ántipho in se admíserit,
Ex quá re minus rei fóret aut famae témperans,
Non caúsam dico quín quod meritus sít ferat.
Sed sí quis forte málitia fretús sua
Insídias nostrae fécit adulescéntiae
Ac uícit, nostran cúlpa east an iúdicum,
Qui saépe propter ínuidiam adimunt díuiti
Aut própter misericórdiam addunt paúperi?
GE. Ni nóssem causam, créderem uera húnc loqui.
DE. An quísquam iudex ést, qui possit nóscere
Tua iústa, ubi tute uérbum non respóndeas,
Ita ut ílle fecit? PH. Fúnctus adulescéntulist
Offícium liberális: postquam ad iúdices
Ventúmst, non potuit cógitata próloqui;
Ita eúm tum timidum *illic* obstupefecít pudor.
GE. Laudo húnc. sed cesso adíre quam primúm senem?
Ere, sálue: saluom te áduenisse gaúdeo. DE. Oh,
Bone cústos, salue, cólumen uero fámiliae,
Quoi cómmendaui fílium hinc abiéns meum.
GE. Iam dúdum te omnis nós accusare aúdio
Inmérito, et me horunc ómnium inmeritíssumo.
Nam quíd me in hac re fácere uoluistí tibi?
Seruom hóminem causam oráre leges nón sinunt,
Neque téstimoni díctiost. DE. Mitto ómnia.
Do istúc 'inprudens tímuit adulescéns'; sino
'Tu séruo's'; uerum sí cognatast máxume,
Non fuít necesse habére; sed id quod léx iubet,
Dotém daretis, quaéreret aliúm uirum.
Qua rátione inopem pótius ducebát domum?

DE. If it was n't so, you would n't be taking his part, Phaedria.

PH. Well, uncle, if it is a fact that Antipho has done a wrong, regardless of his interests or reputation, I have nothing to say against his suffering as he has deserved. But if somebody took advantage of his own cunning to lay a snare for our youthful innocence and has caught us in it, is it our fault or that of the judges? You know what a habit they have of robbing the rich from envy, and giving to the poor from pity.

GE. (*aside.*) If I did n't know the case, I should believe that he was telling the truth. DE. Is there a judge alive who can possibly know your rights when you don't answer a word yourself, like that son of mine?

PH. He behaved like a young man of good breeding. When we got into court, he could n't speak his piece; his modesty struck him quite dumb then and there.

GE. (*aside.*) Bravo, you! but shall I not address the old man at once? (*going forward.*) Good day, master. I 'm glad you 've got home safe.

DE. Ha, ha! fine guardian, good day, main stay of my house; it was in your charge that I left my son when I went away.

GE. I 've heard you blaming us all for ever so long when we did n't deserve it, and I least of anybody. Why, what would you have had me do in the matter? the laws don't allow a man who 's a slave to plead, and he can't give evidence either.

DE. I waive all that, and I admit this, too, that the boy was afraid and unsuspecting. I grant that you are a slave. But no matter how near a relative she was, he need n't have married her; no, no. You should have given her a dowry, as the law directs, and let her look out for another husband. On what account, then, did he prefer to bring home a pauper?

Ge. Non rátio, uerum argéntum deerat. De. Súmeret
Alicúnde. Ge. Alicunde? níl est dictu fácilius.
De. Postrémo si nullo álio pacto, faénore. Ge. Hui,
Dixísti pulchre! síquidem quisquam créderet
Te uíuo. De. Non, non síc futurumst: nón potest.
Egon íllam cum illo ut pátiar nuptam unúm diem?
Nil suáue meritumst. hóminem conmonstrárier
Mi istúm uolo, aut ubi hábitet demonstrárier.
Ge. Nempe Phórmionem? De. Istúm patronum múlieris.
Ge. Iam fáxo hic aderit. De. Ántipho ubi nunc ést? Ge. Foris.
De. Abi, Phaédria, eum requíre atque huc addúce. Ph. Eo:
Rectá uia quidem ílluc. Ge. Nempe ad Pámphilam.
De. Ego deós penatis hínc salutatúm domum
Deuórtar; inde ibo ád forum atque aliquód mihi
Amícos aduocábo, ad hanc rem qui ádsient,
Vt ne ínparatus sím, si ueniat Phórmio.

GE. It was n't on account, — it was cash down that was wanted. DE. He should have got it somewhere or other.

GE. Somewhere or other? Nothing easier to say!

DE. On interest, at the worst, if on no other terms.

GE. Bless my soul! pretty fine talk! as if anybody would have trusted him, with you alive!

DE. No, no; it shan't be so; it can't be. What! let her stay on as his wife a single day? This is no case for kindness. But I want to have that man pointed out to me, or to be shown where he lives. GE. You mean Phormio?

DE. The woman's next friend.

GE. I'll bring him here at once.

DE. Where's Antipho now? GE. Out.

DE. Go and look for him, Phaedria, and bring him here.

PH. I'll make a bee line. (*Exit to* DORIO'S.)

GE. (*aside.*) Yes, to Pamphila's. (*Exit* R.)

DE. As for me, I'll turn in home and pay my respects to my household gods, and then go on 'Change and call some friends to stand by me in this affair, so that I shan't be unprepared in case of Phormio's coming. (*Exit to his house.*)

ACTVS III

PHORMIO GETA
PARASITVS SERVOS

PH. Ítane patris aïs aduentum uéritum hinc abiisse? GE. Ádmodum. II 2
PH. Phánium relíctam solam? GE. Síc. PH. Et iratúm senem?
GE. Óppido. PH. Ad te súmma solum, Phórmio, rerúm redit:
Túte hoc intristí: tibi omnest éxedendum: accíngere.
GE. Óbsecro te. PH. Sí rogabit . . GE. Ín te spes est. PH. Éccere,
Quíd si reddet? GE. Tu ínpulisti. PH. Síc, opinor. GE. Súbueni.
PH. Cédo senem: iam instrúcta sunt mi in córde consilia ómnia.
GE. Quíd ages? PH. Quid uis, nísi uti maneat Phánium atque ex crímine hoc
Ántiphonem erípiam atque in me omnem íram deriuém senis?
GE. Ó, uir fortis átque amicu's. uérum hoc saepe, Phórmio,
Véreor, ne istaec fórtitudo in néruom erumpat dénique. PH. Ah,
Nón itast: factúmst periclum, iám pedum uisást uia.
Quód me censes hómines iam deuérberasse usque ád necem?
[Hospites, tum ciuis? quo magis noui, tanto saepius.]
Cédo dum, enumquam iniúriarum audísti mihi scriptám dicam?

ACT III

SCENE I

(*Enter* PHORMIO *and* GETA, R.)

PH. And so you say he 's gone off in a fright at his father's return? GE. Exactly.

PH. Phanium left all by herself?

GE. Just so.

PH. And the old man boiling.

GE. Precisely.

PH. Then, Phormio, the whole responsibility rests on you; you mixed this mess, and now you 've got to eat it all yourself. Brace up!

GE. For mercy's sake, Phormio!

PH. Supposing he asks —

GE. You 're our only hope!

PH. See here, what if he retorts —

GE. You drove the boy to it.

PH. There, that 'll do, I fancy. GE. Come to the rescue!

PH. Trot out your old man, for I 've got my plans all marshalled in my head.

GE. What are you going to do?

PH. What, indeed, except let Phanium stay here, clear Antipho of this charge, and turn the whole current of the old man's wrath on to myself?

GE. Oh, you brave, kind man! but what I 'm often afraid of, Phormio, is that all this courage may land you in the stocks at last.

PH. Oh, no, not at all; I 've tried it; I know where to set my feet. How many fellows do you think I 've beaten to death before to-day? Yet come, did you ever hear of anybody bringing a suit against me for assault and battery?

GE. Quí istuc? PH. Quia non réte accipitri ténnitur neque míluo,
Quí male faciunt nóbis: illis quí nihil faciunt ténnitur,
Quía enim in illis frúctus est, in íllis opera lúditur.
Áliis aliunde ést periclum, unde áliquid abradí potest:
Míhi sciunt nil ésse. dices 'dúcent damnatúm domum':
Álere nolunt hóminem edacem, et sápiunt mea senténtia,
Pró maleficio sí beneficium súmmum nolunt réddere.
GE. Nón pot*e* satis pro mérito ab illo tíbi referri grátia.
PH. Ímmo enim nemo sátis pro merito grátiam regí refert.
Téne asymbolúm uenire unctum átque lautum e bálineis,
Ótiosum ab ánimo, quom ille et cúra et sumptu absúmitur!
Dúm tibi fit quod pláceat, illeríngitur: tu rídeas,
Príor bibas, priór decúmbas; céna dubia adpónitur.
GE. Quíd istuc uerbist? PH. Vbi tu dubites quíd sumas potíssumum.
Haéc quom rationem íneas quam sint suáuia et quam cára sint,
Éa qui praebet, nón tu hunc habeas pláne praesentém deum?
GE. Sénex adest: uide quíd agas: prima cóitiost acérruma.
Si eám sustinuerís, postilla iam, út lubet, ludás licet.

GE. How does it come about?

PH. It 's because we never set traps for the hawks and kites that really hurt us ; it 's only for birds that don't hurt that traps are set. There 's something to be made out of them, but on others it 's only time thrown away. Other people have their dangers, from one source or another, — people something can be got out of; but everybody knows that I 've got nothing to lose. But perhaps you 'll say that they 'll convict me and take me home to hold me there. Oh, no; they don't want to keep a ravenous fellow like me; they don't want to do good for evil, and that 's where they 're wise, I think.

GE. Well, he can't ever thank you as much as you deserve.

PH. Not quite so. Nobody ever can thank his *patron* as much as he deserves. Think of it! You come scot free to his dinner, all perfumed and shining from the bath, with a heart free from care, when he 's drowned with worry and eaten up with expenses. While everything 's done to your liking, he 's snarling. You can laugh, drink your wine before him, take the higher seat; and then a puzzling banquet 's spread.

GE. What 's that?

PH. That 's when you 're puzzled what to help yourself to first. Now, when you come to reckon up how nice all this is and how much it costs, are n't you obliged to think your host a god incarnate right before your eyes?

GE. Here 's the old man ; mind what you 're about; the first onset is always the fiercest. If you stand that, you may afterwards make play as you like.

DEMIPHO SENEX **HEGIO CRATINVS CRITO** ADVOCATI III **PHORMIO** PARASITVS **GETA** SERVOS

DE. Enúmquam quoiquam cóntumeliósius II 3
Audístis factam iniúriam, quam haec ést mihi?
Adéste quaeso. GE. Irátus est. PH. Quin tu hóc age:
Iam ego húnc agitabo. pró deum inmortálium,
Negat Phánium esse hanc síbi cognatam Démipho?
Hanc Démipho negat ésse cognatám? GE. Negat.
PH. Neque eíus patrem se scíre qui fuerít? GE. Negat.
DE. Ipsum ésse opinor dé quo agebam: séquimini.
[PH. Nec Stilphonem ipsum scire qui fuerit? GE. Negat.]
PH. Quia egéns relictast mísera, ignoratúr parens,
Neclégitur ipsa: uíde auaritia quíd facit.
GE. Si erum ínsimulabis málitiae, male aúdies.
DE. O audáciam! etiam me últro accusatum áduenit.
PH. Nam iam ádulescenti níhil est quod suscénseam,
Si illúm minus norat; quíppe homo iam grándior,
Paupér, quoi in opere uíta erat, rurí fere
Se cóntinebat; íbi agrum de nostró patre
Coléndum habebat. saépe interea míhi senex
Narrábat se hunc neclégere cognatúm suom:
At quém uirum! quem ego uíderim in uita óptumum.
GE. Videás te, atque illum [ut] nárras! PH. I in malám crucem!
Nam ni éum esse existumássem, numquam tám grauis
Ob hanc ínimicitias cáperem in uostram fámiliam,
Quam is áspernatur núnc tam inliberáliter.

SCENE II.

(*Enter* DEMIPHO *and his advisers*, R.)

DE. Did you ever hear of a more insulting piece of injustice done to anybody than this to me? Stand by me, I beg of you. GE. (*aside.*) He 's in a passion.

PH. (*to* GE. *aside.*) Mind your cue now; I 'm going to touch him up pretty quick. (*Aloud, to* GE.) Great heavens! does Demipho actually *deny* that Phanium 's related to him? What! Demipho says this girl 's no relation?

GE. He says not. PH. And that he does n't know who her father was? GE. He says not.

DE. I fancy this is the very man I was talking about. Follow me.

PH. Because the poor thing is left in poverty, her father is disowned and she herself is abandoned. Only see what avarice does! GE. You 'll hear what you won't like if you insinuate anything wrong about my master.

DE. Oh, what impudence! Why, he 's come to take the initiative by accusing me!

PH. I 've no reason at all to be angry with the young fellow for not knowing her father; of course he was a man pretty well along, poor, working for his living, generally keeping in the country, where my father let him have a farm to cultivate. The old fellow used often to tell me how this kinsman of his neglected him. But what a fine man he was! the best *I* ever saw in all my life.

GE. I hope you 'll ever see yourself such as you describe him.

PH. You be hanged! No; if I had n't esteemed him as I did, I should never have got into a quarrel with your people, all on account of this girl that your master's slighting now in this ungentlemanlike way.

GE. Pergín ero absenti mále loqui, inpuríssume?
PH. Dignum aútem hoc illost. GE. Aín *tamen*, carcér? DE. Geta.
GE. Bonórum extortor, légum contortór! DE. Geta.
PH. Respónde. GE. Quis homost? éhem. DE. Tace. GE. Absentí tibi
Te indígnas seque dígnas contumélias
Numquám cessauit dícere hodie. DE. Désine.
Aduléscens, primum abs te hóc bona ueniá peto,
Si tíbi placere pótis est, mi ut respóndeas:
Quem amícum tuom aïs fuísse istum, explaná mihi,
Et quí cognatum mé sibi esse díceret.
PH. Proinde éxpiscare quási non nosses. DE. Nóssem? PH. Ita.
DE. Ego mé nego: tu quí aïs redige in mémoriam.
PH. Eho tú, sobrinum tuóm non noras? DE. Énicas.
Dic nómen. PH. Nomen? máxume. DE. Quid núnc taces?
PH. Perii hércle, nomen pérdidi. DE. [Hem] Quid aïs? PH. Geta,
Si méministi id quod ólim dictumst, súbice. hem,
Non díco: quasi non nósses, temptatum áduenis.
DE. Ego aútem tempto? GE. Stílpo. PH. Atque adeo quíd mea?
Stilpóst. DE. Quem dixti? PH. Stílponem inquam nóueras.
DE. Neque égo illum noram néque mi cognatús fuit
Quisquam ístoc nomine. PH. Ítane? non te horúm pudet?
At sí talentum rém reliquissét decem,
DE. Di tíbi malefaciant! PH. prímus esses mémoriter
Progéniem uostram usque áb auo atque atauo próferens.

GE. Will you persist in slandering my master behind his back, you dirty dog?

PH. Serves him right. GE. Still more of it, you jail-bird? DE. Geta — GE. You extortioner, you law-shark!

DE. Geta! PH. (*aside.*) Answer him.

GE. Whom have we here? oh! DE. Hold your tongue!

GE. Why, he 's been insulting you all day long behind your back, — insults that don't fit you and do fit him.

DE. Avast there! hold on! Young man (*to* PH.), to begin with, I want to ask you this, with your kind permission, if you will be good enough to answer me: Explain to me who this friend of yours was you 're talking about, and how he said that I was related to him.

PH. There you are, fishing; as if you did n't know.

DE. Did n't know? PH. Yes. DE. I say I don't; but you, who say I do, just jog my memory.

PH. What, man! not know your own cousin?

DE. You 're killing me. Tell me his name.

PH. His name; of course. DE. Why don't you speak?

PH. (*aside.*) By the powers, I 'm a goner! I 've forgotten the name. DE. What 's that you say?

PH. (*aside to* GE.) Geta, just prompt me if you recollect the name that was given at the time. (*Aloud.*) No, I won't tell you. You 're here to pump me, as if you did n't know it yourself. DE. What! Pumping you?

GE. (*aside to* PH.) Stilpo. PH. And then again, what do I care? It 's Stilpo. DE. Whom did you say?

PH. Stilpo, I tell you; you knew him. DE. I did n't know him either, and I never had a relative of such a name.

PH. So, so? Don't you feel abashed before these gentlemen? Yet if he had left a property worth ten talents —

DE. Oh confound you!

PH. You 'd be the very first with a tip-top memory to trace your ancestry all the way from grandfather and great-grandfather.

DE. Ita ut dícis. ego túm quom áduenissem, quí mihì
Cognáta ea esset, dícerem: itidem tú face.
Cedo qui ést cognata? GE. Eu, nóster, recte. heus tú, caue.
PH. Dilúcide expedíui quibus me opórtuit
Iudícibus: tum id si fálsum fuerat, fílius
Quor nón refellit? DE. Fílium narrás mihi?
Quoius dé stultitia díci ut dignumst nón potest.
PH. At tú qui sapiens és magistratús adi,
Iudícium de eadem caúsa iterum ut reddánt tibi,
Quandóquidem solus régnas et solí licet
Hic de eádem causa bís iudicium *a*píscier.
DE. Etsí mihi facta iniúriast, uerúm tamen
Potiús quam litis sécter aut quam te aúdiam,
Itidem út cognata sí sit, id quod léx iubet
Dotís dare, abduc hánc, minas quinque áccipe.
PH. Hahahaé, homo suauis. DE. Quíd est? num iniquom póstulo?
An ne hóc quidem ego adipíscar, quod ius públicumst?
PH. Itan tándem, quaeso, item út meretricem ubi abúsus sis,
Mercédem dare lex iúbet eī atque amíttere?
An, ut né quid turpe cíuis in se admítteret
Proptér egestatem, próxumo iussást dari,
Vt cum úno aetatem dégeret? quod tú uetas.
DE. Ita, próxumo quidem; át nos unde? aut quam ób rem? PH. Ohe,
'Actum' áiunt 'ne agas.' DE. Nón agam? immo haud désinam,
Donéc perfecero hóc. PH. Ineptis. DE. Síne modo.
PH. Postrémo tecum níl rei nobis, Démipho, est:
Tuos ést damnatus gnátus, non tu; nám tua
Praetérierat iam ad dúcendum aetas. DE. Ómnia haec
Illúm putato, quae égo nunc dico, dícere;

DE. Very likely, as you say. Well, when I came forward I should have stated how she was related to me. Now, you do the same. Come, how is she related? GE. Bravo, master, well done! and you, sir, look out for yourself.

PH. My duty was to explain it to the court, and I did so with perfect clearness. If it was n't true, why did n't your son disprove it on the spot? DE. You talk to me about my son? Why, I can't find words to describe his stupidity. PH. Well, then, you who are so wise, go to the magistrates and make them try the same case all over again for you. For you talk as though you were sole lord paramount in these parts and the only man alive entitled to a second trial of the same case.

DE. Though I have been unjustly treated, still, rather than go to law or have to listen to you — here, just as if she really were related, take these five ducats, the dowry that the law directs, and carry her away.

PH. Ha! ha! ha! you sweety! DE. What's the matter? there's nothing wrong in my demand, is there? am I not to get the benefit of what is the law of the land?

PH. Does the law direct you, I'd like to know, to pay her and send her off like a courtesan? Or was it to prevent a freeborn lady from doing anything to disgrace herself through poverty that the law directs to give her to her nearest kinsman to live with him? and that's just what you're preventing.

DE. Yes, to her nearest kinsman. But how do we come in, or on what grounds? PH. Oh, dear! 'don't open a case that's closed,' as the saying goes. DE. Don't open it? on the contrary, I'll never rest until I've seen it through.

PH. Silly of you. DE. You just let me alone.

PH. In short, Demipho, I've nothing to do with you. It was your son that lost the suit, not you; for your time for marrying was gone long ago.

DE. You can take him as saying all that I say now;

Aut quídem cum uxore hac ípsum prohibebó domo.
GE. Irátus est. PH. Tu té idem melius féceris.
DE. Itan és paratus fácere me aduorsum ómnia,
Infélix? PH. Metuit híc nos, tam etsi sédulo
Dissímulat. GE. Bene habent tíbi principia. PH. Quín quod est
Ferúndum fers? tuis dígnum factis féceris,
Vt amíci inter nos símus. DE. Egon tuam éxpetam
Amícitiam? aut te uísum aut auditúm uelim?
PH. Si cóncordabis cum ílla, habebis quaé tuam
Senectútem oblectet: réspice aetatém tuam.
DE. Te obléctet, tibi habe. PH. Mínue uero iram. DE. Hóc age:
Satis iám uerborumst: nísi tu properas múlierem
Abdúcere, ego illam eíciam. dixi, Phórmio.
PH. Si tu íllam attigeris sécus quam dignumst líberam,
Dicám tibi inpingam grándem. dixi, Démipho.
Si quíd opus fuerit, heús, domo me. GE. Intéllego.

DEMIPHO SENEX GETA SERVOS HEGIO CRATINVS CRITO ADVOCATI III

DE. Quantá me cura et sóllicitudine ádficit II 4
Gnatús, qui me et se hisce ínpediuit núptiis!
Neque mi ín conspectum pródit, ut saltém sciam,
Quid de eá re dicat quídue sit senténtiae.
Abi, uíse redierítne iam an non dúm domum.
GE. Eó. — DE. Videtis quo ín loco res haéc siet:
Quid ágo? dic, Hegio. HE. Égo? Cratinum cénseo,
Si tíbi uidetur. DE. Díc, Cratine. CRA. Méne uis?

if he does n't I 'll shut him and his wife out of my house. GE. (*aside.*) He 's in a passion.

PH. You 'd better do the same thing with yourself.

DE. So you 're ready to take a stand against me in everything, are you, you ill-starred wretch? PH. (*aside to* GE.) He 's afraid of us, though he tries hard to conceal it.

GE. (*aside to* PH.) Your first moves are well made.

PH. (*aloud.*) Why not put up with what you must put up with? that will be in keeping with your reputation, and we shall be friends. DE. What! I seek your friendship, or wish to see or hear of you? PH. If you make it up with her, you 'll have somebody to cheer your old age; think of your time of life.

DE. Keep her to cheer yourself. PH. Do moderate your angry passions. DE. See here! enough said. If you don't hurry and take that woman away, I 'll throw her out of doors. That 's my last word, Phormio. PH. And if you lay a finger on her in any way unbefitting a lady, I 'll bring a smashing suit against you. That 's my last word, Demipho. (*Aside to* GE.) Here! if you need me for anything, you 'll find me at home. GE. All right! (*Exit* PHORMIO, R.)

SCENE III

DE. What worry and trouble my son does give me by involving himself and me in this marriage! And he does n't come to let me see him either, so that at least I might know what he has to say about the matter, or what he thinks. Off with you! see whether he has got home yet. GE. Yes. (*Exit to house of* DEMIPHO.)

DE. (*to his advisers.*) You see in what a state things are. Now what am I to do? Tell me, Hegio.

HE. I? I move Cratinus does, if you please.

DE. Well, speak, Cratinus. CRA. Do you mean me?

DE. Te. CRA. Ego quae ín rem tuam sint éa uelim faciás. mihi
Sic hóc uidetur: quód te absente hic fílius
Egít, restitui in íntegrum aequomst ét bonum,
Et id ímpetrabis. díxi. DE. Dic nunc, Hégio.
HE. Ego sédulo hunc dixísse credo; uérum itast,
Quod hómines tot senténtiae: suos quoíque mos.
Mihi nón uidetur quód sit factum légibus,
Rescíndi posse; et túrpe inceptust. DE. Díc, Crito.
CRI. Ego ámplius delíberandum cénseo:
Res mágnast. HE. Num quid nós uis? DE. Fecistís probe:
Incértior sum múlto quam dudúm. — GE. Negant
Redísse. DE. Frater ést expectandús mihi:
Is quód mihi dederit de hác re consilium, íd sequar.
Percóntatum ibo ad pórtum, quoad se récipiat.
GE. At ego Ántiphonem quaéram, ut quae acta hic sínt sciat.
Sed eccum ípsum uideo in témpore huc se récipere.

ANTIPHO GETA
ADVLESCENS SERVOS

AN. Énim uero, Antiphó, multimodis cum ístoc animo es uítuperandus: III i
Ítane te hinc abísse et uitam tuám tutandam aliís dedisse!
Álios tuam rem crédidisti mágis quam tete animum áduorsuros?
Nam út ut erant alia, ílli certe quaé nunc tibi domíst consuleres,
Né quid propter tuám fidem decépta poteretúr mali;
Quoí nunc miserae spés opesque súnt in te uno omnés sitae.

DE. Yes sir. CRA. I should like to have you act for the interests of your house. Now this is the way it seems to me; it 's all right and proper that what your son has done in your absence should be put back entirely as it was, and you will carry that point. That 's what I say.

DE. Now, Hegio, it 's your turn to speak.

HE. I believe that he has spoken advisedly; but this is the way of it; many men of many minds, many birds of many kinds; each man has his own point of view. Now it does n't seem to me that what the law has done can be undone; and it 's discreditable to try it. DE. Well, Crito? CRI. I vote we take time to think it over; it 's important.

HE. We can't do anything more for you, can we?

DE. You have done finely. (*Exeunt advisers*, R.) I 'm much more bewildered than before. (*Enter* GE. *from* DE.'S *house.*) GE. They say he has n't come in. DE. I must wait for my brother. I 'll follow the advice which he gives me in the matter. I 'll go down to the port to find out when he 's to come home. (*Exit* L.) GE. And I 'll go look for Antipho, so that he may know how things are. But, holloa! I see him coming in the nick of time.

SCENE IV

(*Enter* ANTIPHO, R.)

AN. Well, Antipho, you and your panic have much to answer for. The idea of your having made off and left your very life in other people's keeping! Did you suppose that others would attend to your business better than you would yourself? No, no; however it was about the rest, you certainly ought to have taken care of that girl of yours at home, to prevent her from getting into trouble from her trust in you. All she has and all she hopes for, poor thing, hinge on you alone now.

GE. Et quídem, ere, nos iam dúdum hic te absentem íncusamus, qui ábieris.
AN. Te ipsúm quaerebam. GE. Séd ea causa níhilo magis defécimus.
AN. Loquere óbsecro, quo nam ín loco sunt rés et fortunaé meae?
Num quíd patri subolét? GE. Nil etiam. AN. Ecquíd spei porrost? GE. Néscio. AN. Ah.
GE. Nisi Phaédria haud cessáuit pro te eníti. AN. Nil fecít noui.
GE. Tum Phórmio itidem in hác re ut [in] aliis strénuom hominem praébuit.
AN. Quid is fécit? GE. Confutáuit uerbis ádmodum iratúm senem.
AN. Eu, Phórmio. GE. Ego quod pótui porro. AN. Mí Geta, omnis uós amo.
GE. Síc habent princípia sese ut díxi: adhuc tranquílla res est,
Mánsurusque pátruom pater est, dum húc adueniat. AN. Quíd eum? GE. Vt aibat
De eíus consilio sése uelle fácere quod ad hanc rem áttinet.
AN. Quántum metu*i*st míhi, uidere huc sáluom nunc patruóm, Geta!
Nam pér eius unam, ut aúdio, aut uiuam aút moriar senténtiam.
GE. Phaédria tibi adést. AN. Vbi nam? GE. Eccum ab suá palaestra exít foras.

GE. And really, master, we too have been finding fault with you behind your back for leaving us.

AN. You 're the very man I was looking for. GE. But for all that we have n't failed you a bit.

AN. For heaven's sake, tell me how my fate and fortunes stand? My father has n't got wind of anything?

GE. Not yet.

AN. Any prospect for the future? GE. I don't know.

AN. Oh, dear! GE. But Phaedria has never ceased his efforts for you. AN. That 's nothing new in him.

GE. Then Phormio, too, has shown the man of energy in this as in everything else.

AN. Why, what has he done?

GE. He 's bluffed the angry old man with his talk.

AN. Oh, bravo, Phormio!

GE. And I did what I could myself.

AN. My dear Geta, I 'm much obliged to you all.

GE. The opening moves were made as I have described; all 's quiet up to the present time, and your father is going to wait until your uncle comes home.

AN. Why for him?

GE. He said he wanted to act in this case according to his advice.

AN. Oh, Geta, how I do dread to see my uncle come home safe and sound! For life and death, I find, depend on his single voice.

GE. Here comes Phaedria.

AN. Where, pray?

GE. There, coming out from his playground.

PHAEDRIA ADVLESCENS DORIO LENO ANTIPHO ADVLESCENS GETA SERVOS

III 2

PH. Dório,
Audi óbsecro. DO. Non aúdio. PH. Parúmper. DO. Quin omítte me.
PH. Aúdi quod dicam. DO. Át enim taedet iam aúdire eadem míliens.
PH. Át nunc dicam quód lubenter aúdias. DO. Loquere, aúdio.
PH. Nón queo te exoráre ut maneas tríduom hoc? quo núnc abis?
DO. Mirábar si tu míhi quicquam adferrés noui. AN. Ei,
Metuó lenonem né quid . . *GE.* Suo suát capiti? idem ego uéreor.
PH. Non dúm mihi credis? DO. Háriolare. PH. Sín fidem do? DO. Fábulae.
PH. Faéneratum istúc beneficium púlchre tibi dicés. DO. Logi.
PH. Créde mihi, gaudébis facto: uérum hercle hoc est. DO. Sómnia.
PH. Éxperire: nón est longum. DO. Cántilenam eandém canis.
PH. Tu míhi cognatus, tú parens, tu amícus, tu . . DO. Garrí modo.
PH. Ádeon ingenio ésse duro te átque inexorábili,
Vt neque misericórdia neque précibus mollirí queas!
DO. Ádeon te esse incógitantem atque ínpudentem, Phaédria,
Vt phaleratis dúcas dictis me ét meam ductes grátiis!
AN. Míseritumst. PH. Ei, uérbis uincor! GE. Quám uterque est similís sui!

SCENE V

(*Enter* PHAEDRIA *and* DORIO, *from* DORIO'S *house.*)

PH. Do listen to me, Dorio, for pity's sake!

DO. No, I won't. PH. Just a minute.

DO. Why won't you let me alone?

PH. But listen to what I have to say.

DO. No; I'm tired of hearing the same thing a thousand times. PH. But now I'm going to say something which you will like to hear. DO. Speak out then. I'm listening.

PH. Can't I prevail on you to wait just these three days? Why, where are you going now? DO. I wondered whether you had anything new to bring forward.

AN. (*aside.*) Oh, dear! I'm afraid this slave-trader may be — GE. (*aside.*) Hoist with his own petar? I'm afraid so, too. PH. You don't believe me yet, eh?

DO. You're a mind-reader! PH. But if I give you my word? DO. Stuff! PH. You'll have reason to call your kindness a fine investment. DO. Words, words.

PH. Believe me, you'll be glad you did it. It's true, by heaven! DO. Moonshine!

PH. Just try the experiment; it's not for long.

DO. Always singing the same old song!

PH. I'll call you my kinsman, — father, — friend —

DO. Nonsense! PH. To think of your being so hard and unbending that neither pity nor prayers can soften you!

DO. And to think of your being so unreasonable and impudent, Phaedria, as to lead me on with gilded promises, and so get my slave girl for nothing!

AN. (*aside.*) What a pity!

PH. Oh, dear me! he's got the better of me.

GE. (*aside.*) How they both do live up to their own characters.

PH. Atque Ántipho alia quom óccupatus ésset sollicitúdine,
Tum hoc ésse mi obiectúm malum! AN. Quid istúc est autem, Phaédria?
PH. Ó fortunatíssume Antipho. AN. Égone? PH. Quoi quod amás domist,
Néque cum huius modi umquam úsus uenit út conflictarés malo.
AN. Míhin domist? immo, íd quod aiunt, aúribus teneó lupum:
[Nam neque quo pacto a me amittam neque uti retineam scio.]
DO. Ípsum istuc mi in hóc est. AN. Heia, né parum lenó sies.
Núm quid hic confécit? PH. Hicine? quód homo inhumaníssumus:
Pámphilam meam uéndidit. AN. Quid? uéndidit? GE. Ain? uéndidit?
PH. Véndidit. DO. Quam indígnum facinus, áncillam aere emptám meo!
PH. Néqueo exorare út me maneat ét cum illo ut mutét fidem
Tríduom hoc, dum id quód est promissum ab amícis argentum aúfero.
Sí non tum dedero, únam praeterea hóram ne oppertús sies.
DO. Óbtundes? AN. Haud lóngumst id quod órat: exorét sine.
Ídem hic tibi, quod bóni promeritus fúeris, conduplicáuerit.
DO. Vérba istaec sunt. AN. Pámphilamne hac úrbe priuarí sines?
Túm praeterea horúnc amorem dístrahi poterín pati?
DO. Néque ego neque tu. GE. Dí tibi omnes íd quod es dignús duint!

PH. Think of all this trouble happening to me at the very time when Antipho is full of another worry of his own!

AN. (*coming forward.*) Why, Phaedria, what is all this?

PH. Oh, Antipho, you luckiest of men!

AN. I?

PH. Yes; for the girl you love is in your own keeping, and you 've never had occasion to struggle with such a difficulty as mine.

AN. In my own keeping? not quite so; I 'm 'holding a wolf by the ears,' as the old saying is.

DO. That 's just how I feel about him.

AN. Holloa! Act up to your rôle of slave-trader! Has he been doing anything?

PH. He? been behaving like a barbarian; he 's sold my Pamphila.

AN. What! sold her?

GE. You don't say so! sold her?

PH. Yes, he 's sold her.

DO. What an outrage, to sell a girl bought with my own money!

PH. And I can't prevail on him to wait for me and to put off keeping his promise to the man for only three days, while I am getting the money promised me by my friends. If I don't pay it by that time, you need n't wait for me an hour longer.

DO. Still dinning it into me?

AN. It 's no long time he asks for. Come, consent. He 'll return the kindness with a hundred per cent interest.

DO. Fine talk!

AN. Will you let Pamphila be carried away from this town, and can you bear to see such a pair of lovers torn asunder?

DO. Of course I can't any more than you.

GE. Heaven send you what you deserve!

DO. Égo te complurís aduorsum ingénium meum mensís tuli,
Póllicitantem et níl ferentem, fléntem; nunc contra ómnia haec:
Répperi qui dét neque lacrumet: dá locum melióribus.
AN. Cérte hercle, ego si sátis commemini, tíbi quidemst olím dies,
Quam ád dares huic, praéstituta. PH. Fáctum. DO. Num ego istúc nego?
AN. Iam éa praeteriit? DO. Nón, uerum haec eí ántecessit. AN. Nón pudet
Vánitatis? DO. Mínume, dum ob rem. GE. Stérculinum. PH. Dório,
Ítane tandem fácere oportet? DO. Síc sum: si placeo, útere.
AN. Síc hunc decipís? DO. Immo enim uero, Ántipho, hic me décipit:
Nam híc me huius modi scíbat esse, ego húnc esse aliter crédidi;
Íste me feféllit, ego isti nílo sum aliter ác fui.
Séd ut ut haec sunt, támen hoc faciam: crás mane argentúm mihi
Míles dare se díxit: si mihi príor tu attuleris, Phaédria,
Meá lege utar, út potior sit, quí prior ad dandúmst. uale.

DO. I have been putting up for some months against my will with your promising and not performing and your whimpering; but now I've got the opposite of all this. I have found a man who pays and does n't cry about it. Make way for your betters.

AN. But, by heaven, if I remember rightly, there was a day set on which you were to pay him?

PH. There was.

DO. I don't deny it, do I?

AN. Has it come yet?

DO. No, but to-day has come in ahead of it.

AN. Are n't you ashamed to be such a fraud?

DO. Not a bit if it is for my gain.

GE. Oh, you dunghill!

PH. Look here, Dorio, is this the right way to behave?

DO. It's my way; if you like me, take me as you find me.

AN. And you cheat him like this?

DO. On the contrary, Antipho, it's he who is cheating me: for he knew all along that I was the sort of man I am; but I supposed that he was different. He's taken me in, but to him I am exactly what I was before. But never mind; this is what I'll do. A soldier man has promised to pay me the money to-morrow morning; now, Phaedria, if you bring it to me before he does, I'll follow my regular rule, that he is the better man who is first to come down with the cash. Good-bye. (*Exit*, R.)

PHAEDRIA ANTIPHO GETA

ADVLESCENTES II SERVOS

PH. Quíd faciam? unde ego núnc tam subito huic árgentum inueniám miser, III 3
Quoí minus níhilost? quód, hic si pote fuísset exorárier
Tríduom hoc, promíssum fuerat. AN. Ítane hunc patiemúr, Geta,
Fíeri miserum, quí me dudum, ut díxti, adiuerit cómiter?
Quín quom opust, benefícium rursum eí éxperiemur réddere?
GE. Scío equidem hoc esse aéquom. AN. Age ergo, sólus seruare húnc potes.
GE. Quíd faciam? AN. Inueniás argentum. GE. Cúpio; sed id unde, édoce.
AN. Páter adest hic. GE. Scío; sed quid tum? AN. Ah, díctum sapientí sat est.
GE. Ítane? AN. Ita. GE. Sane hércle pulchre suádes: etiam tu hínc abis?
Nón triumpho, ex núptiis tuis sí nil nanciscór mali,
Ni étiam nunc me huius caúsa quaerere ín malo iubeás crucem?
AN. Vérum hic dicit. PH. Quíd? ego uobis, Géta, alienus sum? GE. Haúd puto;
Séd parumne est, quod ómnibus nunc nóbis suscensét senex,
Ni ínstigemus étiam, ut nullus lócus relinquatúr preci?
PH. Álius ab oculís meis illam in ígnotum abducét locum? hem:
Tum ígitur, dum licét dumque adsum, lóquimini mecum, Ántipho,

SCENE VI

PH. What shall I do? where am I to find the money for him in such a hurry, when I 've less than nothing myself, poor fellow? It was promised to me, if I could only have begged these three days out of him!

AN. Shall we let him be made so unhappy, Geta, after he has just helped me, as you tell me, in such a friendly way? Why not try to return his kindness now when it 's needed?

GE. I know of course it 's only the fair thing to do.

AN. Come, then, you are the only man who can save him.

GE. What can I do?

AN. Find the money.

GE. I want to; but where? tell me that.

AN. My father 's here.

GE. I know he is, but what of it?

AN. Oh, a word to the wise is quite enough.

GE. That 's it, hey? AN. That 's it.

GE. And a fine suggestion, too, by cracky! Get out, won't you? is n't it triumph enough if I get off from your marriage with a whole skin without your telling me, when I 'm in the stocks already, to try to get hanged for his sake?

AN. There 's truth in what he says.

PH. What, Geta, am I a mere stranger to all of you?

GE. I suppose not; but is 'nt it enough that the old man is so very angry with us all now, without our prodding him still more, so as to leave us no chance to cry off?

PH. And shall another man carry her off to foreign parts before my very eyes? Ah me! Well, then, you two, talk to me and look your fill on me while you may, Antipho, and while I 'm here.

Cóntemplaminí me. AN. Quam ob rem? aut quíd nam facturú's? cedo.
PH. Quóquo hinc asportábitur terrárum, certumst pérsequi
Aút perire. GE. Dí bene uortant quód agas! pedetemptím tamen.
AN. Víde si quid opis pótes adferre huic. GE. 'Sí quid'? quid? AN. Quaere óbsecro.
Né quid plus minúsue faxit, quód nos post pigeát, Geta.
GE. Quaéro: saluos ést, ut opinor; uérum enim metuó malum.
AN. Nóli metuere: úna tecum bóna mala tolerábimus.
GE. Quántum opus est tibi argénti, loquere. PH. Sólae trigintá minae.
GE. Tríginta? hui, percárast, Phaedria. PH. Ístaec uero uílis est.
GE. Áge age, inuentas réddam. PH. O lepidum! GE. Aufér te hinc. PH. Iam opust. GE. Iám feres:
Séd opus est mihi Phórmionem ad hánc rem adiutorém dari.
AN. Praéstost: audacíssume oneris quíduis inpone, é*c*feret;
Sólus est homo amíco amicus. GE. Eámus ergo ad eum ócius.
AN. Núm quid est quod operá mea uobis ópus sit? GE. Nil; uerum ábi domum
Ét illam miseram, quam égo nunc intus scío esse exanimatám metu,
Cónsolare. céssas? AN. Nihil est aéque quod faciám lubens.
PH. Quá uia istuc fácies? GE. Dicam in ítinere: hinc modo te ámoue.

AN. What do you mean? What are you going to do? Out with it. PH. Wherever in the world she 's carried, I 'm resolved to follow, or to die in the attempt.

GE. Heaven bless your efforts; go slow, though.

AN. Do see whether you can help him in any way.

GE. Any way? but what way?

AN. Try to think of something, for mercy's sake. Don't let him do anything, great or small, Geta, that shall make us sorry when it' s too late.

GE. I am trying. (*A pause.*) Well, he 's all right, I think; but really I 'm afraid there 'll be trouble.

AN. Never fear; we 'll share it with you, good or bad.

GE. Tell me; how much money do you need?

PH. Only thirty ducats. GE. Thirty? whew! She 's pretty dear, Phaedria.

PH. No, not at all; she 's cheap.

GE. Well, well. I 'll see that it 's found, and give it to you. PH. Oh, you are a trump!

GE. Take yourself off.

PH. I need it at once.

GE. You shall have it at once; but I need Phormio to help me in this business.

AN. He 's all ready; lay on him boldly any load you like; he 'll carry it off. He 's a friend indeed to a friend.

GE. Let 's hurry to him then.

AN. You don't need any help from me, do you?

GE. No. You go home and comfort that poor girl, for I know she 's in there now half dead with fright. What! waiting? AN. There 's nothing I shall be so glad to do. (*Exit to* DEMIPHO'S.)

PH. How are you going to manage this affair?

GE. I 'll tell you on the way; only take yourself out of this. (*Exeunt*, R.)

ACTVS IV

Demipho Chremes
senes ii

De. Quid? quá profectus caúsa hinc es Lemnúm, Chremes,
Addúxtin tecum fíliam? Ch. Non. De. Quíd ita non?
Ch. Postquám uidet me eius máter esse hic díutius,
Simul aútem non manébat aetas uírginis
Meam néclegentiam: ípsam cum omni fámilia
Ad mé profectam esse aíbant. De. Quid illi tám diu
Quaeso ígitur commorábare, ubi id audíeras?
Ch. Pol mé detinuit mórbus. De. Vnde! aut quí? Ch. Rogas?
Senéctus ipsast mórbus. sed uenísse eas
Saluás audiui ex naúta qui illas uéxerat.
De. Quid gnáto obtigerit me ábsente, audistí, Chremes?
Ch. Quod quídem me factum cónsili incertúm facit.
Nam hanc cóndicionem sí quoi tulero extrário,
Quo pácto aut unde míhi sit dicundum órdine est.
Te míhi fidelem esse aéque atque egomet súm mihi
Scibam. ílle si me aliénus adfiném uolet,
Tacébit, dum intercédet familiáritas;
Sin spréuerit me, plús quam opus est scitó sciet.
Vereórque ne uxor áliqua hoc resciscát mea:
Quod sí fit, ut me excútiam atque egrediár domo,
Id réstat; nam ego meórum solus súm meus.
De. Scio ita ésse, et istaec míhi res sollicitúdinist,
Neque défetiscar úsque adeo experírier,
Donéc tibi id quod póllicitus sum effécero.

ACT IV

SCENE I

(*Enter* DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES, L.)

DE. Well, Chremes, did you bring your daughter with you, what you went to Lemnos for? CH. No.

DE. Why not? CH. Why, when her mother saw that I kept staying and staying on in Athens, and the girl was grown up and could n't be neglected any longer, she set out, they told me, bag and baggage, to come and find me.

DE. Then why, I want to know, did you stay there so long when you heard that? CH. 'Gad, I was kept there by illness. DE. How so? what illness?

CH. What illness? old age is illness enough in itself. But the skipper who brought them told me that they reached here safe and sound. DE. Have you heard what has happened to my son in my absence, Chremes?

CH. That 's just what makes me so undecided in my plans. For if I offer her in marriage to any outsider, I must tell the whole story of how and by whom I came to be her father. As for you, I knew that you were as loyal to me as I am to myself. But if a stranger seeks alliance with me, he will hold his tongue just so long as we are close friends with one another; but if he breaks with me, then he will know more than he ought to know. And I 'm afraid my wife may get an inkling of all this. If she does, the only thing left for me to do is to give myself a shake and leave the house; for I 'm all I 've got in the world.

DE. I know that is so; that 's what makes me so anxious, and I shall never weary of making every effort to perform my promise for you.

GETA DEMIPHO CHREMES

SERVOS SENES II

Ego hóminem callidiórem uidi néminem IV 2
Quam Phórmionem. uénio ad hominem, ut dícerem
Argéntum opus esse et íd quo pacto fíeret.
Vix dúm dimidium díxeram, intelléxerat:
Gaudébat, me laudábat, quaerebát senem.
Dis grátias agébat, tempus síbi dari,
Vbi Phaédriae *es*se osténderet niló minus
Amícum *se*se quam Ántiphoni. hominem ád forum
Iussi ópperiri: eo me ésse adducturúm senem.
Sed eccum ípsum. quis est ultérior? attat, Phaédriae
Pater uénit. sed quid pértimui autem bélua?
An quía quos fallam pro úno duo sunt mí dati?
Commódius esse opínor duplici spe útier.
Petam hínc unde a primo ínstit*i*: is si dát, sat est;
Si ab eó nil fiet, tum húnc adoriar hóspitem.

ANTIPHO GETA CHREMES DEMIPHO

ADVLESCENS SERVOS SENES II

AN. Expécto quam mox récipiat sesé Geta. IV 3
Sed pátruom uideo cúm patre astantem. eí mihi,
Quam tímeo, aduentus húius quo inpellát patrem!
GE. Adíbo [hosce]: o salue, nóster Chremes. CH. Salué, Geta.
GE. Veníre saluom uólup est. CH. Credo. GE. Quíd agitur?
Multa áduenienti, ut fít, noua hic? CH. Complúria.
GE. Ita. de Ántiphone audístin quae facta? CH. Ómnia.

SCENE II

(*Enter* GETA, R.)

GE. (*aside.*) A shrewder fellow than Phormio I never saw in my born days. I went to tell him that money was wanted and how it was to be got. I had hardly told him half the story when he understood it all, — began to laugh, congratulated me, asked where the old man was. Then he thanked heaven that now he had a chance to show that he was as much of a friend to Phaedria as to Antipho. I told the fellow to wait on 'Change, and said that I would bring the old man there. Holloa! here he is. Who 's that on the other side? Oh my! Phaedria's father 's come home. Lubber that I am, what was I afraid of? was it because I 've got two to trick instead of one? It 's handier, I think, to have two strings to your bow. I 'll try to get the money from the man I meant originally. If he gives it, all right; if nothing can be done with him, then I 'll attack this newcomer.

SCENE III

(*Enter* ANTIPHO, *unobserved*, R.)

AN. (*aside.*) I 'm expecting Geta back every minute. Why, there 's my uncle standing with my father. Dear me! how I do fear what father may be driven to by his coming!

GE. I 'll go up. Why! our good friend Chremes! how do you do? CH. How do you do, Geta?

GE. I 'm delighted to see you back safe. CH. Dare say.

GE. How goes it? Do you find many surprises here, as usual when a man comes home? CH. A good many.

GE. To be sure. Have you heard what 's happened to Antipho? CH. The whole story.

GE. Tun díxeras huic? fácinus indignúm, Chremes,
Sic círcumiri! CH. Id cum hóc agebam cómmodum.
GE. Nam hercle égo quoque id quidem ágitans mecum sédulo
Inuéni, opinor, rémedium huic rei. CH. Quíd, Geta?
DE. Quod rémedium? GE. Vt abii ábs te, fit forte óbuiam
Mihi Phórmio. CH. Qui Phórmio? DE. Is qui istánc. CH. Scio.
GE. Visúmst mi, ut eius témptarem senténtiam.
Prendo hóminem solum: 'quór non' inquam, 'Phórmio,
Vidés, inter nos síc haec potius cúm bona
Vt cómponamus grátia quam cúm mala?
Erus líberalis ést et fugitans lítium;
Nam céteri quidem hércle amici omnés modo
Vno óre auctores fuére, ut praecipitem hánc daret.'
AN. Quid hic coéptat aut quo euádet hodie? GE. 'An légibus
Datúrum poenas díces, si illam eiécerit?
Iam id éxploratumst: heía, sudabís satis,
Si cum íllo inceptas hómine: ea eloquéntiast.
Verúm pono esse uíctum eum; at tandém tamen
Non cápitis ei res ágitur, sed pecúniae.'
Postquam hóminem his uerbis séntio mollírier,
'Solí sumus nunc hic' ínquam: 'eho, dic quid uís dari
Tibi ín manum, ut erus hís desistat lítibus,
Haec hínc facessat, tú molestus né sies?'
AN. Satin ílli di sunt própitii? GE. 'Nam sát scio,
Si tu áliquam partem aequí bonique díxeris,
Vt est ílle bonus uir, tría non commutábitis
Verba hódie inter uos.' DE. Quís te istaec iussít loqui?

GE. (*to* DE.) You told him, then? What an outrageous thing, Chremes, to be taken in in this way.

CH. Just what I was telling him.

GE. But on thinking it all over carefully, by the powers I believe I 've found a way out of it.

CH. What, Geta?

DE. What 's your way out?

GE. When I left you I happened to meet Phormio.

CH. Who 's Phormio?

DE. The man who was her —

CH. I see.

GE. I thought I had better find out his real feelings, so I buttonholed the fellow. 'Phormio,' says I, 'why not try to settle these matters that are between us with good feeling, rather than with bad? My master is a gentleman, and he is shy of law-suits. But, by the powers, all his friends have just been advising him with one voice to turn the girl out of doors!'

AN. (*aside.*) Now what can he be starting on, or how will he end this blessed day?

GE. 'But, you 'll say, won't the law punish him if he turns her out? He 's looked into that already, and I tell you, you 'll have to sweat for it, if you begin on a man like him. He 's that eloquent! But come, suppose he is beaten: at the worst it 's only money that 's at stake, and not his life.' When I saw that the fellow was shaken by this talk, 'Here we are by ourselves,' says I; 'come now, say what you want in cash for yourself to release my master from this lawsuit, she to make herself scarce, and you to give no trouble.'

AN. (*aside.*) Can he be in his sober senses?

GE. 'The fact is, I am certain that if you name anything that 's at all fair and reasonable, there won't be three words between you. He 's such a kind-hearted man.'

DE. Who gave you orders to say that?

CH. Immó non potuit mélius peruenírier
Eo quó nos uolumus. AN. Óccidi! DE. Perge éloqui.
GE. A prímo homo insaníbat. CH. Cedo quid póstulat?
GE. Quid? nímium quantum. CH. *Quántum?* dic. GE. Si quís daret
Taléntum magnum. DE. Immó malum hercle: ut níl pudet!
GE. Quod díxi adeo eī: 'quaéso, quid si fíliam
Suam únicam locáret? parui ré tulit
Non súscepisse: inuéntast quae dotém petat.'
Vt ad paúca redeam ac míttam illius inéptias,
Haec dénique eius fuít postrema orátio:
'Ego' ínquit 'a princípio amici fíliam,
Ita ut aéquom fuerat, uólui uxorem dúcere;
Nam míhi uen*í*bat ín mentem eius incómmodum,
In séruitutem paúperem ad ditém dari.
Sed mi ópus erat, ut apérte tibi nunc fábuler,
Aliquántulum quae adférret, qui dissóluerem
Quae débeo: et etiám nunc, si uolt Démipho
Dare quántum ab hac accípio, quae sponsást mihi,
Nullám mihi malim quam ístanc uxorém dari.'
AN. Vtrúm stultitia fácere ego hunc an málitia
Dicám, scientem an ínprudentem, incértus sum.
DE. Quid si ánimam debet? GE. 'Áger oppositus pígnori
Ob décem minas est.' DE. Áge age, iam ducát: dabo.
GE. 'Aedículae item sunt ób decem alias.' DE. Oíeī, Nimiúmst. CH. Ne clama: *ré*petito hasce a mé decem.
GE. 'Vxóri emunda ancíllulast; tum plúscula
Supelléctile opus est; ópus est sumptu ad núptias:
His rébus *porro* sáne pone' inquít 'decem [minas].'
DE. Sescéntas proinde scríbito iam míhi dicas:
Nil do. ínpuratus me ílle ut etiam inrídeat?

CH. No, no; he could n't have better brought about just what we want. AN. (*aside.*) I 'm a dead man!

DE. Go on and finish. GE. At first the fellow was wild.

CH. Tell us what he asked. GE. Oh, a great deal too much. CH. How much? speak.

GE. If you 'd offer a great talent — DE. A great big D, you mean! What! has the fellow no shame?

GE. Just what I said to him. 'Look here,' said I; 'suppose he were marrying off an only daughter of his own; he has n't gained much by not having one himself if somebody else's turns up for him to portion.' Well, to be brief, and omitting all his silly talk, this was finally his last word: 'From the very first,' says he, 'I have wanted to marry my old friend's daughter myself, as was proper; for I saw how disagreeable it would be for her, a poor girl, married only to be a rich man's slave. But, to tell you the honest truth, I needed a wife who should bring me a little something to pay off what I owe; yes, and even after all that 's passed, if Demipho is willing to give as much as I am getting with the girl to whom I am engaged, there 's nobody in the world whom I should like better for a wife.'

AN. (*aside.*) I can't make out whether he 's acting from stupidity or mischief, from design or off his guard.

DE. But suppose he owes body and soul?

GE. 'My farm,' said he, 'is mortgaged for ten ducats.'

DE. Well, well; let him marry her. I 'll pay it.

GE. 'Then my house for another ten.'

DE. Whew! it 's too much!

CH. Don't make a row. You can get those ten of me.

GE. 'Then there 's a lady's maid to be bought for my wife; then I need a little more furniture, and some cash to spend on the wedding. Put down ten more for this,' says he.

DE. Then let him bring hundreds and hundreds of lawsuits against me. I won't give him a penny. What! that dirty fellow to get the laugh on me again?

CH. Quaeso, égo dabo, quiésce: tu modo fílium
Fac ut íllam ducat, nós quam uolumus. AN. Eí mihi!
Geta, óccidisti mé tuis falláciis.
CH. Mea caúsa eícitur: mé hoc est aequom amíttere.
GE. 'Quantúm potest me cértiorem' inquít 'face,
Si illám dant, hanc ut míttam, ne incertús siem;
Nam illí mihi dotem iám constituerúnt dare.'
CH. Iam accípiat: illis répudium renúntiet;
Hanc dúcat. DE. Quae quidem ílli res uortát male!
CH. Oppórtune adeo argéntum nunc mecum áttuli,
Fructúm quem Lemni uxóris reddunt praédia:
Inde súmam; uxori tíbi opus esse díxero.

ANTIPHO GETA

ADVLESCENS SERVOS

AN. Geta. GE. Hém. AN. Quid egisti? GE. Émunxi argentó senes. IV 4
AN. Satin ést id? GE. Nescio hércle: tantum iússus sum.
AN. Eho, uérbero, aliud míhi respondes ác rogo?
GE. Quid érgo narras? AN. Quíd ego narrem? operá tua
Ad réstim mihi quidém res redit planíssume.
Vt té quidem omnes dí deae, superi ínferi
Malís exemplis pérdant! em, si quíd uelis,
Huic mándes, qui te ad scópulum e tranquillo aúferat.
Quid mínus utibile fuít quam hoc ulcus tángere
Aut nóminare uxórem? iniectast spés patri
Posse íllam extrudi. cédo nunc porro: Phórmio
Dotém si accipiet, úxor ducendást domum:

CH. Pray be quiet. I 'll pay it myself. All you 've got to do is to make your son marry the girl we wish.

AN. (*aside.*) Oh, dear me! you 've been the death of me, Geta, with your tricks. CH. She is turned out for my sake, and so it 's fair for me to be the loser. GE. 'Let me know as soon as you can,' says he, 'if they are going to give her to me, so that I may get rid of this other girl, and not be kept in doubt; for her people have agreed to pay me the dowry down at once.'

CH. Let him have the money at once, break the engagement with them, and marry her. DE. Yes, and may bad luck go with her. CH. Fortunately I have just brought the money with me now, the rents from my wife's estates in Lemnos. I 'll take it out of that, and tell my wife that you needed it. (*Exeunt* DE. *and* CH. *to* CHREMES'S.)

SCENE IV

AN. (*coming forward.*) Geta! GE. Holloa! AN. What have you done? GE. Cleaned the old gentlemen out of their cash. AN. Is that all? GE. By the powers, I don't know; it was all I was told to do.

AN. What, you rogue! I ask you one thing, and you answer another? GE. Why, what are you talking about?

AN. What am I talking about? here I am actually reduced to the rope, and it 's all your doing? May all the gods and goddesses up above and down below make the worst sort of an example of you! Well, well; if you want to succeed in a thing, leave it to this fellow, who can bring you out of smooth sailing straight on to a rock! Why, what could have been worse than to lay your finger on this sore and to mention my wife? Here 's my father made to hope that he can cast her off. Come now, what follows? Suppose Phormio gets the dowry and has to marry her,

Quid fíet? GE. Non enim dúcet. AN. Noui. céterum
Quom argéntum repetent, nóstra causa scílicet
In néruom potius íbit. GE. Nil est, Ántipho,
Quin mále narrando póssit deprauárier:
Tu id quód bonist excérpis, dicis quód malist.
Audí nunc contra: iám si argentum accéperit,
Ducéndast uxor, út aïs, concedó tibi:
Spatiúm quidem tandem ádparandi núptias,
Vocándi, sacruficándi dabitur paúlulum.
Intérea amici quód polliciti súnt dabunt:
Inde íste reddet. AN. Quam ób rem? aut quid dicét? GE. Rogas?
'Quod rés postilla mónstra euenerúnt mihi!
Intro íit in aedis áter alienús canis;
Anguís per inpluuium décidit de tégulis;
Gallína cecinit; ínterdixit háriolus:
Haríspex uetuit; ánte brumam autém noui
Negóti incipere . . . . . .
. . . ': quaé causast iustíssuma.
Haec fíent. AN. Vt modo fíant! GE. Fient: mé uide.
Pater éxit: abi, dic ésse argentum Phaédriae.

DEMIPHO CHREMES GETA

SENES II SERVOS

DE. Quiétus esto, inquam: égo curabo né quid uerborúm duit. IV 5
Hoc témere numquam amíttam ego a me, quín mihi testis ádhibeam:
Quoi dem ét quam ob rem dem, cómmemorabo. GE. Vt caútus est, ubi níl opust.

what then? GE. But he won't marry her. AN. Oh, no! But when they ask the money back, then of course he 'll prefer to go to jail for my sake.

GE. There is n't any story in the world, Antipho, that can't be spoiled in the telling. Now you 're leaving out all the good side and telling only the bad. Now, then, hear the other side. Suppose now he gets the money: he will have to marry her, as you say; I admit that; — but they 'll give him a little time anyhow to get ready for the wedding, to send out the invitations, and to offer sacrifice. Meanwhile Phaedria's friends will give him the money which they have promised, and Phormio will pay back the dowry out of that. AN. On what ground? what can he say?

GE. What a question! 'Since my engagement I 've had so many bad omens. A strange black dog trotted straight into my front hall; a snake fell down from the roof through the rain-hole; a hen has crowed; the clairvoyant forbade it, the soothsayer won't let me. Besides, to take up anything new before the winter sets in,' — that 's the strongest reason in the world. That 's the way it will be.

AN. I only hope it may. GE. May? It shall. Look to me for that. There 's your father coming out. Go tell Phaedria that we 've got the money. (*Exit* ANTIPHO, R.)

SCENE V

(*Enter* DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES, *from* CHREMES'S.)

DE. Do be quiet, I say. I 'll take care he does n't play me any trick. I 'll never let the money go from me helter-skelter without having witnesses. I 'll have it understood to whom I am giving it and why I give it.

GE. (*aside.*) How cautious he is, where he has n't any call to be.

CH. Atque íta opus factost: ét matura, dúm lubido eadem haéc manet;
Nam si áltera illaec mágis instabit, fórsitan nos réiciat.
GE. Rem ipsám putasti. DE. Dúc me ad eum ergo. GE. Nón moror. CH. Vbi hoc égeris,
Transíto ad uxorém meam, ut conuéniat hanc prius quam hínc abit.
Dicát eam dare nos Phórmioni núptum, ne suscénseat;
Et mágis esse illum idóneum, qui ipsí sit familiárior;
Nos nóstro officio nón digressos ésse: quantum is uóluerit,
Datum ésse dotis. DE. Quíd tua malum id réfert? CH. Magni, Démipho.
Non sátis est tuom te offícium fecisse, íd si non fama ádprobat:
Volo ipsíus quoque uoluntáte haec fieri, né se eiectam praédicet.
DE. Idem égo istuc facere póssum. CH. Mulier múlieri magis cónuenit.
DE. Rogábo. CH. Vbi illas núnc ego reperíre possim, cógito.

SOPHRONA CHREMES

NVTRIX SENEX

SO. Quíd agam? quem mi amícum inueniam mísera? aut quo consília haec referam? V I
Aút unde auxiliúm petam?
Nám uereor, era ne ób meum suasum indígna iniuria ádficiatur:
Íta patrem adulescéntis facta haec tólerare audió uiolenter.

CH. That 's just what you ought to do; but make haste, while he 's still in the mood for it. If that other girl is more pressing, perhaps he 'll leave us in the lurch.

GE. (*aside.*) You 've hit the very point.

DE. (*to* GE.) Take me to him, then.

GE. I 'm ready.

CH. When you have attended to that, go over to my wife's to get her to call on the girl before she goes away. Let her tell the girl, to prevent her from being angry, that we are marrying her to Phormio, and that he is a better match for her, because she knows him better; and that we have done our duty, too, and given her as large a dowry as he asked for.

DE. What the plague does that matter to you?

CH. A good deal, Demipho. It 's not enough for you to do your duty if the world does n't approve of what you 've done. I want this to take place of her own free will, so that she shan't be saying that we drove her out.

DE. Well, I can bring all that about myself.

CH. But a woman 's the best hand to deal with a woman.

DE. I 'll ask her, then. (*Exeunt* DE. *and* GE., R.)

CH. I wonder now where I can find those women?

SCENE VI

(*Enter* SOPHRONA *from the house of* DEMIPHO.)

SO. What shall I do? Where am I to find a friend in my distress? whom shall I consult? where get help? I 'm afraid my mistress may come to grief from following my advice; the young man's father takes all this so hard, I hear.

CH. Nám quae haec anus est, éxanimata a frátre quae egressást meo?
SO. Quod ut fácerem egestas me ínpulit, quom scírem infirmas núptias
Hasce ésse, ut id consúlerem, interea uíta ut in tutó foret.
CH. Cérte edepol, nisi me ánimus fallit aút parum prospíciunt oculi,
Meaé nutricem gnátae uideo. SO. Néque ille inuestigátur, CH. Quid ago?
SO. Qui ést eius pater. CH. Ádeo, maneo, dum haéc quae loquitur mágis cognosco?
SO. Quód si eum nunc reperíre possim, níhil est quod uereár. CH. East ipsa:
Cónloquar. SO. Quis hic lóquitur? CH. Sophrona. SO. Ét meum nomen nóminat?
CH. Réspice ad me. SO. Di óbsecro uos, éstne hic Stil*p*o? CH. Nón. SO. Negas?
CH. Cóncede hinc a fóribus paulum istórsum sodes, Sóphrona.
Ne me ístoc posthac nómine appellássis. SO. Quid? non óbsecro es
Quem sémper te esse díctitasti? CH. St. SO. Quid has metuís fores?
CH. Conclúsam hic habeo uxórem saeuam. uérum istoc me nómine
Eo pérperam olim díxi, ne uos fórte inprudentés foris
Effúttiretis átque id porro aliqua úxor mea rescísceret.
SO. Istóc pol nos te hic ínuenire míserae numquam pótuimus.
CH. Eho díc mihi, quid reí tibist cum fámilia hac unde éxis?

CH. (*aside.*) Why, who 's this old woman that 's come out of my brother's house so excited?

SO. It was our poverty that drove me to it, though I knew such a marriage was a shaky thing, to provide that at least she might be sure of a living in the mean time.

CH. (*aside.*) Upon my word, unless my mind 's going or my eyesight 's bad, that 's my own daughter's nurse that I see there.

SO. And we can't track out —

CH. (*aside.*) What shall I do?

SO. Her father —

CH. (*aside.*) Shall I go and speak to her, or stay where I am until I know better what she is saying?

SO. If only I could find him, there 's nothing I should be afraid of.

CH. It 's the very woman. I 'll speak to her.

SO. Who 's this talking here? CH. Sophrona!

SO. Calling me by name, too. CH. Look at me.

SO. Oh, good gracious! can this be Stilpo?

CH. No! SO. What? no?

CH. Come over here a little, away from that door, Sophrona, please, and don't call me by that name any more. SO. Why not? for mercy's sake, are n't you the man you always said you were? CH. Hush!

SO. What is there in this door that you 're afraid of?

CH. I 've got a savage wife caged up in there. As for that name, it was a wrong one which I took in those days, so that you should n't let the truth leak out without meaning to, and my wife find it out some way or other.

SO. Law me, that 's just why we poor women have never been able to find you. CH. But tell me, what have you to do with the people whose house you just came out from?

Vbi illaé sunt? So. Miseram me. Ch. Hém, quid est? uiuóntne? So. Viuit gnáta.
Matrem ípsam ex aegritúdine hac miserám mors consecútast.
Ch. Male fáctum. So. Ego autem, quae éssem anus desérta egens ignóta,
Vt pótui nuptum uírginem locáui huic adulescénti,
Harúm qui est dominus aédium. Ch. Antiphónin? So. Em, istic ípsi.
Ch. Quid? duásne uxores hábet? So. Au, obsecro, únam ille quidem hanc sólam.
Ch. Quid illam álteram quae dícitur cognáta? So. Haec ergost. Ch. Quíd aïs?
So. Compósito factumst, quó modo hanc amáns habere pósset
Sine dóte. Ch. Di uostrám fidem, quam saépe forte témere
Euéniunt quae non aúdeas optáre! offendi aduéniens
Quocúm uolebam et út uolebam cónlocatam *gnátam:*
Quod nós ambo opere máxumo dabámus operam ut fíeret,
Sine nóstra cura, máxuma sua cúra hic solus fécit.
So. Nunc quíd opus facto sít uide: pater ádulescentis uénit
Eumque ánimo iniquo hoc óppido ferre áiunt. Ch. Nil períclist.
Sed pér deos atque hominés meam esse hanc cáue resciscat quísquam.
So. Nemo é me scibit. Ch. Séquere me: intus cétera audiétis.

Where are the ladies? SO. Oh, dear me! CH. Hey? what's the matter? are n't they alive?

SO. Your daughter is; but her mother, poor thing, died of grief.

CH. Too bad!

SO. And so I, being only a lone lorn old woman, whom nobody knew, did my best and got the girl married to the young gentleman who lives in here.

CH. To Antipho?

SO. Certainly; the very man.

CH. What! has he got two wives?

SO. For pity's sake, no; she's the only one he has.

CH. What about the other who is called his relative?

SO. Why, it's she, of course.

CH. What's that you say?

SO. It was a put-up job, — the only way by which her lover might get her without a dowry.

CH. Heaven help us! how often things do turn out by hap-hazard which you'd scarcely dare to wish for! Here I've come home and found my daughter married to the very man I wanted and just as I wanted it! The very thing that we were both trying with all our might to bring about, he has taken the greatest trouble to do all by himself without any trouble of ours.

SO. Well now, just see what's to be done next. The young man's father has arrived, and they say that he is bitterly opposed to it.

CH. There's no danger at all. But, by heaven and earth, don't let anybody find out that she is my daughter.

SO. Nobody shall from me.

CH. Follow me; you shall hear the rest inside. (*Exeunt to* DEMIPHO'S.)

ACTVS V

Demipho **Geta**

senex servos

De. Nostrāpte culpā fácimus ut malís expediat ésse, V 2
Dum nímium dici nós bonos studémus et benígnos.
Ita fúgias ne praetér casam, quod áiunt. nonne id sát erat,
Accípere ab illo iniúriam? etiam argéntumst ultro obiéctum,
Vt sít qui uiuat, dum áliud aliquid flágiti confíciat.
Ge. Planíssume. De. Eis nunc praémiumst, qui récta praua fáciunt.
Ge. Veríssume. De. Vt stultíssume quidem illí rem gesserímus.
Ge. Modo ut hóc consilio póssiet discédi, ut istam dúcat.
De. Etiámne id dubiumst? Ge. Haúd scio hercle, ut homóst, an mutet ánimum.
De. Hem, mútet autem? Ge. Néscio; uerúm, si forte, díco.
De. Ita fáciam, ut frater cénsuit, ut uxórem eius huc addúcam,
Cum ista út loquatur. tú, Geta, abi prae, núntia hanc uentúram. —
Ge. Argéntum inuentumst Phaédriae; de iúrgio silétur;
Prouísumst, ne in praeséntia haec hinc ábeat: quid nunc pórro?
Quid fíet? in eodém luto haesitás; uorsuram sólues,

ACT V

SCENE I

(*Enter* DEMIPHO *aud* GETA, R.)

DE. It 's all our own fault that people find it pays them to be rogues; it 's because we are too anxious to be called kind and generous. 'Enough is as good as a feast,' says the proverb. Was n't it enough to be injured by him that we must actually go and throw him a sop in the way of money, to give him something to live on until he can work up some other outrage? GE. Perfectly true.

DE. Nowadays people who make right wrong get rewarded. GE. True enough.

DE. So it proves that we 've made a stupid mess of it with him!

GE. Well, if only we get out of it by his marrying her —

DE. Why, is there any question about that?

GE. I swear, I don't know but that he may change his mind, considering the kind of fellow he is.

DE. Bless me! what! change his mind?

GE. I don't know about it. I 'm only saying 'supposing.'

DE. That's what I 'll do, what my brother advised: I 'll bring his wife here to talk with that girl. Geta, you go ahead and tell her that Nausistrata is coming. (*Exit to* CHREMES'S.)

GE. Phaedria's money is found and all 's quiet with the lawsuit. We 've looked out that the bride shan't be sent off for the present. Now, what next? What 's to be done? Sticking in the same rut still? robbing Peter to pay Paul,

Geta: praésens quod fuerát malum, in diem ábiit: plagae créscunt,
Nisi próspicis. nunc hínc domum ibo ac Phánium edocébo,
Ne quíd uereatur Phórmionem aut *hu*íus oratiónem.

DEMIPHO SENEX — NAVSISTRATA MVLIER

V 3

DE. Age dum, út soles, Nausístrata, fac illa út placetur nóbis,
Vt suá uoluntate íd quod est faciúndum faciat. NA. Fáciam.
DE. Paritér nunc opera me ádiuues, ac ré dudum opituláta es.
NA. Factúm uolo. ac pol mínus queo uiri cúlpa, quam me dígnumst.
DE. Quid aútem? NA. Quia pol meí patris bene párta indiligénter
Tutátur; nam ex eis praédiis talénta argenti bína
Statím capiebat: uír uiro quid praéstat! DE. Binan quaéso?
NA. Ac rébus uilióribus multó talenta bína. DE. Hui.
NA. Quid haéc uidentur? DE. Scílicet. NA. Virúm me natum uéllem:
Ego osténderem, DE. Certó scio. NA. quo pácto . . DE. Parce sódes,
Vt póssis cum illa, né te adulescens múlier defetíget.
NA. Faciam út iubes. sed meúm uirum abs te exíre uideo.

Geta? you 've put off the evil day for now, but there 's a crop of whippings growing if you don't look out ahead. I 'll go home and tell Phanium that she must n't be afraid of Phormio or of Nausistrata's talk. (*Exit to* DEMIPHO'S.)

SCENE II

(*Enter* DEMIPHO *and* NAUSISTRATA *from* CHREMES'S.)

DE. Come, then, Nausistrata, with your usual good nature make her feel kindly towards us, so that she may do of her own accord what must be done. NA. I will.

DE. You 'll be aiding me now with your good offices, just as you helped me a while ago with your purse.

NA. You 're quite welcome; and upon my word, it 's my husband's fault that I can do less than I might well do.

DE. Why, how is that?

NA. Because he takes wretched care of my father's honest savings; he used regularly to get two silver talents from those estates. How much better one man is than another! DE Two talents, do you say?

NA. Yes, two talents, and when prices were much lower than now. DE. Whew! NA. What do you think of that?

DE. Oh, of course —

NA. I wish I 'd been born a man. I 'd soon show you —

DE. Oh yes, I 'm sure. NA. The way —

DE. Pray, do save yourself up for her, lest she may wear you out; she 's young, you know.

NA. I 'll do as you tell me. But there 's my husband coming out of your house.

NAVSISTRATA MVLIER CHREMES DEMIPHO SENES II

CH. Ehem, Démipho,
Iam illí datumst argéntum? DE. Curaui ílico. CH. Nollém datum.
Ei, uídeo uxorem: paéne plus quam sát erat. DE. Quor nollés, Chremes?
CH. Iam récte. DE. Quid tu? ecquíd locutu's cum ístac quam ob rem hanc dúcimus?
CH. Transégi. DE. Quid aït tándem? CH. Abduci nón potest. DE. Qui nón potest?
CH. Quia utérque utriquest córdi. DE. Quid istuc nóstra? CH. Magni. praéterhac
Cognátam comperi ésse nobis. DE. Quíd? deliras. CH. Síc erit.
Non témere dico: rédii mecum in mémoriam. DE. Satin sánus es?
NA. Au, óbsecro, uide ne ín cognatam pécces. DE. Non est. CH. Né nega:
Patris nómen aliud díctumst: hoc tu errásti. DE. Non norát patrem?
CH. Norát. DE. Quor aliud díxit? CH. Numquamne hódie concedés mihi
Neque intélleges? DE. Si tú nil narras? CH. Pérdis. NA. Miror quíd siet.
DE. Equidem hércle nesció. CH. Vin scire? at íta me seruet Iúppiter,
Vt própior illi, quám ego sum ac tu, [homo] némost. DE. Di uostrám fidem,
Eámus ad ipsam: una ómnis nos aut scíre aut nescire hóc uolo. CH. Ah.

SCENE III

(*Enter* CHREMES.)

CH. Ha! Demipho, has the money been paid him yet? DE. I saw to it at once. CH. I wish it had n't been. (*aside.*) Oh, dear! there 's my wife. I had almost said too much. DE. What makes you wish it had n't, Chremes? CH. No matter now. DE. What have you been about? have you told her why we are bringing Nausistrata?

CH. I 've attended to it. DE. Well, what does she say?

CH. She 's not to be taken away. DE. Why is n't she?

CH. Because they 're heart to heart.

DE. What 's that to us?

CH. A good deal. Besides I have found out that she really is related to us. DE. What? you 're raving.

CH. You 'll find it 's so. I 'm not speaking at random. I 've recollected. DE. Are you in your right mind?

NA. Oh, for mercy's sake! take care not to hurt a relative.

DE. She is n't one. CH. Don't say that. Her father went by another name; that 's how you made a mistake.

DE. Did n't she know who her father was? CH. Oh, yes.

DE. What made her call him something else?

CH. Won't you ever stop insisting, and take in what I mean?

DE. But if you don't tell me anything?

CH. (*aside to* DE.) You 'll ruin me! NA. I wonder what it all is. DE. By heaven, I 'm sure I don't know.

CH. Do you want to know the truth? Then, so help me God, there is n't a man in the world nearer of kin to her than you and I. DE. Great heavens! let 's go straight to her. If it 's so, I want us all to know it alike — or if it is n't so. CH. Oh, dear!

DE. Quid ést? CH. Itan paruam míhi fidem esse apúd te! DE. Vin me crédere?
Vin sátis quaesitum mi ístuc esse? age, fíat. quid? illa fília
Amíci nostri quíd futurumst? CH. Récte. DE. Hanc igitur míttimus?
CH. Quid ni? DE. Ílla maneat? CH. Síc. DE. Ire igitur tíbi licet, Nausístrata.
NA. Sic pól commodius ésse in omnis árbitror, quam ut coéperas,
Manére hanc; nam perlíberalis uísast, quom uidí, mihi. —
DE. Quid istúc negotist? CH. Iámne operuit óstium? DE. Iam. CH. O Iúppiter,
Di nós respiciunt: gnátam inueni núptam cum tuo fílio. DE. Hem,
Quo pácto [id] potuit? CH. Nón satis tutus ést ad narrandum híc locus.
DE. At tu íntro abi. CH. Heus, ne fílii quidem hoc nóstri resciscánt uolo

ANTIPHO

ADVLESCENS

Laetús sum, ut meae res sése habent, fratri ób-tigisse quód uolt. V 4
Quam scítumst, eius modi ín animo paráre cupiditátes,
Quas, quóm res aduorsaé sient, pauló mederi póssis!
Hic símul argentum répperit, curá sese expedíuit;
Ego núllo possum rémedio me euóluere ex his túrbis,

DE. What's the matter?

CH. To think of your trusting me so little!

DE. You want me to believe it, then? you want me to consider it settled? Very well, have it so. But then, what's to be done with the other girl, *our friend's* daughter?

CH. Oh, that's all right.

DE. Shall we drop her, then?

CH. Why not?

DE. And this one is to stay?

CH. Yes. DE. You can go, then, Nausistrata.

NA. Good gracious, I think it is better for all concerned that she should stay, than to have it as you first intended; for she seemed to me a very lady-like thing when I saw her. (*Exit* NA. *to* CH'S.)

DE. Now, what is the meaning of this business?

CH. Has she shut the door yet? DE. Yes.

CH. O Lord! heaven does smile on us! I've found my daughter married to your son!

DE. Bless me! how can that be?

CH. This place is n't safe enough to tell the story in.

DE. Well, come indoors, then.

CH. Look here, I don't want our sons to get an inkling of this. (*Exeunt to* DE'S.)

SCENE IV

(*Enter* ANTIPHO, R.)

AN. However things are going with me, I'm glad that my cousin has succeeded in getting what he wants. What a nice thing it is to conceive such desires that you can satisfy them by simple means when things go wrong! No sooner has he got the money than he's freed from anxiety; but here I am, unable to get out of these troubles by any means whatever,

Quin, si hóc celetur, ín metu, sin pátefit, in probró sim.
Neque mé domum nunc réciperem, ni mi ésset spes osténta
Huiúsce habendae. séd ubi nam Getam ínuenire póssim?
[Vt rogem, quod tempus conueniundi patris me capere suadeat.]

PHORMIO ANTIPHO

PARASITVS ADVLESCENS

PH. Argéntum accepi, trádidi lenóni: abduxi múlierem, V 5
Curáui propria ut Phaédria poterétur; nam emissást manu.
Nunc úna mihi res étiam restat quae ést conficiunda, ótium
Ab sénibus ad potándum ut habeam; nam áliquod hos sumám dies.
AN. Sed Phórmiost. quid aîs? PH. Quid? AN. Quid nam núnc facturust Phaédria?
Quo pácto satietátem amoris aít se uelle absúmere?
PH. Vicíssim partis tuás acturus ést. AN. Quas? PH. Vt fugitét patrem.
Te suás rogauit rúrsum ut ageres, caúsam ut pro se díceres;
Nam pótaturus ést apud me. ego me íre senibus Súnium
Dicam ád mercatum, ancíllulam emptum dúdum quam dixít Geta:
Ne quom híc non uideant, mé conficere crédant argentúm suom.
Sed óstium concrépuit abs te. AN. Víde quis egreditúr. PH. Getast.

but what I 'm in terror if it 's kept quiet, and disgraced if it comes out. I should n't be coming home now if there was n't some hope of my having her. But where can I find Geta?

SCENE V

(*Enter* PHORMIO, R.)

PH. I 've received the money and handed it over to the trader. I 've taken away the girl and arranged that Phaedria may have her for his own; she 's been emancipated. Now there's only one thing left over for me to see to, and that is to get time from the old gentlemen to make a spree of it. I propose to take some days off.

AN. Why, there 's Phormio. Say!

PH. Say what?

AN. What 's Phaedria going to do now? how does he propose to spend his honeymoon?

PH. He 's going to take his turn at playing your part.

AN. What part is that?

PH. To run away from his father. And he requests you in return to play his and plead his cause for him. The fact is, he is going to my house for a little spree. I shall tell the old gentlemen that I am going down to Sunium to the fair, to buy that lady's maid that Geta talked about; then they won't think I 'm squandering their money when they don't see me here. But there 's a noise at your front door.

AN. See who is coming out. PH. It 's Geta.

GETA SERVOS — ANTIPHO ADVLESCENS — PHORMIO PARASITVS

GE. Ó Fortuna, o Fórs Fortuna, quántis commoditátibus, V 6
Quám subito meo ero Ántiphoni ope uóstra hunc onerastís diem!
AN. Quíd nam hic sibi uolt? GE. nósque amicos eíus exonerastís metu!
Séd ego nunc mihi césso, qui non úmerum hunc onero pállio
Átque hominem propero ínuenire, ut haéc quae contigerínt sciat.
AN. Núm tu intellegís, quid hic narret? PH. Núm tu? AN. Nil. PH. Tantúndem ego.
GE. Ád lenonem hinc íre pergam: ibi núnc sunt. AN. Heus, Geta! GE. Ém tibi:
Núm mirum aut nouómst reuocari, cúrsum quom institerís? AN. Geta.
GE. Pérgit hercle. númquam tu odio tuó me uinces. AN. Nón manes?
GE. Vápula. AN. Id quidem tíbi iam fiet, nísi resistis, uérbero.
GE. Fámiliariórem oportet ésse hunc: minitatúr malum.
Séd isne est quem quaero án non? ipsust. cóngredere actutúm. AN. Quid est?
GE. O ómnium, quantúmst qui uiuont, hómo hominum ornatíssume!
Nám sine controuórsia ab dis sólus diligere, Ántipho.
AN. Íta uelim; sed quí istuc credam ita ésse mihi dicí uelim.
GE. Sátine est si te délibutum gaúdio reddo? AN. Énicas.

SCENE VI

(*Enter* GETA *from* DEMIPHO'S.)

GE. Oh Fortune! oh Lucky Fortune! with what blessings and how suddenly have you loaded my master Antipho with your kindness to-day!

AN. (*aside.*) Why, what can he mean?

GE. And unloaded all us friends of his of fear! But here I am dilly-dallying instead of loading up my shoulder with my cloak and hurrying off to find him, so that he may learn all that 's happened.

AN. (*aside* to PH.) You can't make out what he is talking about, can you?

PH. (*aside.*) Nor you either? AN. (*aside.*) Not a bit.

PH. (*aside.*) No more can I. GE. I 'll start and go to the slave-trader's; they 're there now. AN. Holloa, Geta!

GE. There you are! always the way! called back just when you have started running! AN. Geta!

GE. Keeping it up, begad! Well you shan't ever beat me with your insolence.

AN. Wait, won't you?

GE. Oh, go get yourself thrashed! AN. That 's just what will happen to you in a minute if you don't stop, you knave!

GE. He must know me pretty well — to threaten me with a thrashing. Why, is it the man I am after or not? it is the very man. Up to him on the spot.

AN. What 's the matter? GE. Oh you most blessed man in all the world! I tell you, Antipho, there 's no denying that you 're the only man whom heaven loves.

AN. I should like to be; but I should like to have you tell me why I 'm to think so. GE. Is it enough if I set you all dripping down with joy? AN. You 'll be the death of me.

PH. Quín tu hinc pollicitátiones aúfer et quod férs cedo. GE. Oh,
Tú quoque aderas, Phórmio? PH. Aderam. séd tu cessas? GE. Áccipe, em:
Ýt modo argentúm tibi dedimus ápud forum, rectá domum
Súmus profecti; intérea mittit érus me ad uxorém tuam.
AN. Quam ób rem? GE. Omitto próloqui; nam níl ad hanc rem est, Ántipho.
Ýbi in gynaeceum íre occipio, púer ad me adcurrít Mida,
Póne *p*rendit pállio, resupínat: respició, rogo
Quam ób rem retineát me: ait esse uétitum intro ad eram accédere.
'Sóphrona modo frátrem huc' inquit 'sénis introduxít Chremem';
Eúmque nunc esse íntus cum illis. hóc ubi ego audiui, ád fores
Súspenso gradú placide ire pérrexi, accessi, ástiti,
Ánimam compressi, aúrem admoui: ita ánimum coepi atténdere,
Hóc modo sermónem captans. PH. Eú, Geta. GE. Hic pulchérrimum
Fácinus audiui: ítaque paene hercle éxclamaui gaúdio.
AN. Quód? GE. Quod nam arbitráre? AN. Nescio. GE. Átqui mirificíssumum:
Pátruos tuos est páter inuentus Phánio uxorí tuae. AN. [Hem,]
Quíd aïs? GE. Cum eius consuéuit olim mátre in Lemno clánculum.
PH. Sómnium: utine haec ígnoraret suóm patrem? GE. Aliquid crédito,
Phórmio, esse caúsae. sed me cénsen potuisse ómnia
Íntellegere extra óstium, intus quae ínter sese ipsi égerint?

PH. Away with your promises and out with your news!

GE. What! you here too, Phormio?

PH. Yes, but why don't you go ahead?

GE. Well, then, listen. After we had paid you the money on 'Change, we started straight home; then master sent me over to see your wife.

AN. What for?

GE. I'll leave that out; it's nothing to do with the case, Antipho. Just as I was entering my lady's chamber, Mida, her slave boy, ran up to me, caught me by the cloak behind and pulled me back. I looked round and asked him what he was stopping me for. He said that there was no admission to his mistress. 'Sophrona has just brought in the old man's brother Chremes and he's in there now with the ladies,' says he. When I heard that, I went up softly on tiptoe, stood still, held my breath and put my ear against the door; and I began to listen, trying to catch their talk so fashion.

PH. Bravo, Geta!

GE. Whereupon I heard a most beautiful piece of business; so much so that, by cracky, I nearly shouted for joy.

AN. What was it?

GE. Well, what do you think?

AN. I don't know.

GE. But it's most marvellous! Your uncle has proved to be your wife Phanium's father.

AN. What's that you say?

GE. He lived with her mother at Lemnos unbeknownst.

PH. You're dreaming! as if the girl would n't know her own father!

GE. Oh well, depend upon it, Phormio, there's some reason for that; but do you think that I, outside of the door, could understand everything that went on between them inside?

AN. Átque ego quoque inaúdiui illam fábulam. GE. Immo etiám dabo
Quó magis credas: pátruos interea índe huc egreditúr foras:
Haúd multo post cúm patre idem récipit se intro dénuo:
Áit uterque tíbi potestatem éius adhibendaé dari.
Dénique ego sum míssus, te ut requírerem atque addúcerem.
AN. Quín ergo rape mé: quid cessas? GE. Fécero. AN. O mi Phórmio,
Vále. PH. Vale, Antiphó. bene, ita me dí ament, factum: gaúdeo.

PHORMIO

PARASITVS

Tantám fortunam de ínprouiso esse hís datam! V 7
Summa éludendi occásiost mihi núnc senes
Et Phaédriae curam ádimere argentáriam,
Ne quoíquam suorum aequálium suppléx siet.
Nam idem hóc argentum, ita út datumst, ingrátiis
Ei dátum erit: hoc qui cógam, re ipsa répperi.
Nunc géstus mihi uoltúsque est capiundús nouos.
Sed hínc concedam in ángiportum hoc próxumum
Inde hísce ostendam me, úbi erunt egressí foras.
Quo me ádsimularam ire ád mercatum, nón eo.

DEMIPHO CHREMES PHORMIO

SENES II PARASITVS

DE. Dis mágnas merito grátias habeo átque ago, V 8
Quando éuenere haec nóbis, frater, próspere.

AN. Yes, and I have had an inkling of this story, too.

GE. Yes, and I'll give you something to make you believe still more. After a while your uncle came out here, and soon after that he went in again with your father. They both said that you were allowed to keep her. Finally I was sent to look you up and bring you home.

AN. Why don't you drag me off then? What are you waiting for?

GE. I'll do it mighty quick.

AN. Good-bye, my dear Phormio.

PH. Good-bye, Antipho. God bless me, this is a good thing. I'm glad of it.

(*Exeunt* AN. *and* GE. *to* DE'S.)

SCENE VII

PH. What an unexpected piece of good luck for these boys! And now I have a fine chance to take the old gentlemen in, and to rid Phaedria of his worry about the money, so that he shan't have to beg it of any of his fellows. For this very same money, given already, shall be his outright in spite of all their opposition. The facts have shown me how to force them to it. I must now put on a new air and change my expression. I'll withdraw into this alley close by and show myself to them from there when they come out. I shan't go to the fair as I pretended. (*Withdraws*, R.)

SCENE VIII

(*Enter* DE. *and* CH. *from* DE'S.)

DE. I am grateful and thankful to the gods, brother, and they deserve it, since all this has turned out so well for us to-day.

CH. Estne íta uti dixi líberalis? DE. Óppido. (12)
Quantúm potest, nunc cónueniundust Phórmio,
Prius quám dilapidat nóstras trigintá minas
Vt aúferamus. PH. Démiphonem sí domist
Visam, út quod . . DE. At nos ád te ibamus, Phórmio.
PH. De eadem hác fortasse caúsa? DE. Ita hercle. PH. Crédidi:
Quid ád me ibatis? DE. Rídiculum. PH. An *r*ebámini
*M*e nón id facer*e*, quód recepissém ŝemel?
Heus, quánta quanta haec méa paupertas ést, tamen
Adhúc curaui unum hóc quidem, ut mi essét fides.
Idque ádeo uenio núntiatum, Démipho,
Parátum me esse: ubi uóltis, uxorém date.
Nam omnís posthabui míhi res, ita uti pár fuit,
Postquam íd tanto opere uós uelle animum aduórteram.
DE. At híc dehortatus ést me, ne illam tíbi darem:
'Nam quí erit rumor pópuli,' inquit, 'si id féceris?
Olím quom honeste pótuit, tum non ést data:
Nunc uíduam extrudi túrpest'. ferme eadem ómnia,
Quae túte dudum córam me incusáueras.
PH. Satís superbe inlúditis me. DE. Quí? PH. Rogas?
Quia ne álteram quidem íllam potero dúcere;
Nam quó redibo ore ád eam quam contémpserim?
CH. 'Tum autem Ántiphonem uídeo ab sese amíttere
Inuítum eam' inque. DE. Tum aútem uideo fílium
Inuítum sane múlierem ab se amíttere.
Sed tránsi sodes ád forum atque illúd mihi
Argéntum rursum iúbe rescribi, Phórmio.
PH. Quodne égo discripsi pórro illis quibus débuí?

CH. Is n't she a thorough lady though, as I told you?

DE. Through and through. We must now find Phormio as soon as possible and get our thirty ducats away from him before he makes ducks and drakes of them.

PH. (*coming forward.*) I 'll just see whether Demipho is at home, so as to — DE. Ah, we were just going to see you, Phormio. PH. On the same old errand, perhaps?

DE. Yes, to be sure. PH. I supposed so. But what made you think it necessary to come? DE. Oh pooh!

PH. Did you think I would n't do what I had once undertaken? See here, however poor I may be, there 's one thing I 've always been particular about, and that is to keep my word. And so I came to tell you this, Demipho, that I 'm all ready. Give me my wife whenever you wish. I have put off all my other business, and properly enough too, when I saw how very bent you were upon it.

DE. But Chremes here has persuaded me not to give her to you. 'Why, what will Mrs. Grundy say,' says he, 'if you do that? A while ago, when you could have done it decently, you did n't release her. To turn her out now, divorced, is an outrage.' In fact, his arguments were all pretty much the same that you urged against me yourself a while ago face to face.

PH. You 're making game of me in a pretty high and mighty way. DE. How 's that?

PH. How's that? Why, because I shan't be able to marry that other girl now. For how could I have the face to go back to the woman after slighting her?

CH. (*aside to* DE.) 'Besides I see that Antipho does n't want to let her leave him' — say that.

DE. Besides I see that my son does n't at all want to let the woman leave him. So come over to the bank, please, and have that money transferred to me again, Phormio.

PH. What! after I have already paid it round among my different creditors?

DE. Quid ígitur fiet? PH. Sí uis mi uxorém dare,
Quam déspondisti, dúcam; sin est út uelis
Manére illam apud te, dós hic maneat, Démipho.
Nam nón est aequom mé propter uos décipi,
Quom ego uóstri honoris caúsa repudium álterae
Remíserim, quae dótis tantundém dabat.
DE. In' ín malam rem hinc cum ístac magnificéntia,
Fugitíue? etiam nunc crédis te ignorárier
Aut túa facta adeo? PH. Inrítor! DE. Tune hanc dúceres,
Si tíbi daretur? PH. Fác periclum. DE. Vt fílius
Cum illa hábitet apud te: hoc uóstrum consiliúm fuit.
PH. Quaesó quid narras? DE. Quín tu mi argentúm cedo.
PH. Immo uéro uxorem tú cedo. DE. In ius ámbula.
PH. Enim uéro si porro ésse odiosi pérgitis . .
DE. Quid fácies? PH. Egone? uós me indotatís modo
Patrócinari fórtasse arbitrámini:
Etiám dotatis sóleo. CH. Quid id nostrá? PH. Nihil.
Hic quándam noram, quoíus uir uxorem CH. Hém. DE. Quid est?
PH. Lemni hábuit aliam: CH. Núllus sum. PH. ex qua fíliam
Suscépit, et eam clam éducat. CH. Sepúltus sum.
PH. Haec ádeo ego illi iám denarrabo. CH. Óbsecro,
Ne fácias. PH. Oh, tune ís eras? DE. Vt ludós facit!
CH. Missúm te facimus. PH. Fábulae. CH. Quid uís tibi?
Argéntum quod habes cóndonamus te. PH Aúdio.
Quid uós malum ergo mé sic ludificámini
Inépti uostra púerili *inconstá*ntia?
Noló uolo; uolo nólo rursum; cápe cedo;
Quod díctum, indictumst; quód modo erat ratum, ínritumst.

DE. What's to be done then?

PH. If you will give me the lady as you promised, I will marry her; but if you really want her to stay with you, Demipho, why the dowry must stay with me. It is n't fair that I should be the loser through the means of you two; for it was out of regard for you that I broke off with the other lady who was to bring me just as large a dowry.

DE. You be hanged with your high-toned talk, you vagabond! do you suppose that we don't know you and your doings? PH. You 're making me angry. DE. So you 'd marry her, would you, if we gave her to you?

PH. Try it on. DE. Yes, so that my son might live with her in your house; that was your scheme.

PH. What are you talking about, pray? DE. Come, hand over my money. PH. Not much; you hand over my wife.

DE. Walk straight into court then. PH. Look here, if you are going to keep on being troublesome —

DE. What are you going to do about it? PH. I? perhaps you two think that I 'm the protector of undowried women only; but I 'm in the habit of protecting dowried ones too.

CH. What's that to us? PH. Oh, nothing. But I knew a woman round here whose husband married —

CH. Ha! DE. What's the matter? PH. Another wife at Lemnos — CH. I 'm done for! PH. By whom he had a daughter; is bringing her up, too, on the sly. CH. I 'm as good as buried. PH. I 'm just going to tell her all about it.

CH. For heaven's sake, don't! PH. Oh, you were the man, were you? DE. What game he 's making of us!

CH. We let you off scot free. PH. Oh, bosh! CH. Well, what would you have? We let you off with the money that you 've got. PH. Oh, yes! Why the deuce are you making game of me with your silly, childish shilly-shallying? 'I won't, I will, and I will, I won't,' — one after the other; 'take it — give it back' — say a thing and unsay it; make a bargain one minute and break it off the next.

CH. Quo pácto aut unde hic haéc resciuit? DE. Néscio;
Nisi mé dixisse némini certó scio.
CH. Monstri, íta me di ament, símile. PH. Inieci scrúpulum. DE. Hem,
Hicíne ut a nobis hóc tantum argenti aúferat
Tam apérte inridens? émori hercle sátius est.
Animó uirili praésentique ut sís para.
Vidés tuom peccátum esse elatúm foras
Neque iam íd celare pósse te uxorém tuam:
Nunc quód ipsa ex aliis aúditura sít, Chremes,
Id nósmet indicáre placabílius est.
Tum hunc ínpuratum póterimus nostró modo
Vlcísci. PH. Attat, nísi mi prospicio, haéreo.
Hi gládiatorio ánimo ad me adfectánt uiam.
CH. At uéreor ut placári possit. DE. Bóno animo es:
Ego rédigam uos in grátiam, hoc fretús, Chremes,
Quom e médio excessit únde haec susceptást tibi.
PH. Itan ágitis mecum? sátis astute adgrédimini.
Non hércle ex re istius me ínstigasti, Démipho.
Ain tu? úbi quae lubitum fúerit peregre féceris
Neque huíus sis ueritus féminae primáriae,
Quin nóuo modo eī fáceres contuméliam,
Veniás nunc precibus laútum peccatúm tŭom?
Hisce égo illam dictis íta tibi incensám dabo,
Vt né restinguas, lácrumis si extilláueris.
DE. [Malum quod isti di deaeque omnes duint.]
Tantáne adfectum quémquam esse hominem audácia!
Non hóc publicitus scélus hinc asportárier
In sólas terras! CH. Ín id redactus súm loci,
Vt quíd agam cum illo nésciam prorsum. DE. Égo scio:
In iús eamus. PH. Ín ius? huc, si quíd lubet.
CH. Adséquere, retine, dúm ego huc seruos éuoco.

CH. (*aside.*) How or where did he ever come to find this out? DE. (*aside.*) I don't know; but I 'm sure I did n't tell anybody.

CH. (*aside.*) A perfect miracle, as I hope to live!

PH. (*aside.*) I 've put a spoke in his wheel.

DE. See here, is this rascal going to rob us of all this money and laugh in our very faces? By heaven, I 'll die the death first! (*aside to* CH.) Make ready to be bold and have your wits about you. You see your little peccadillo has got out and you can't hide it from your wife any longer. The easiest way to get it forgiven, Chremes, is for us to tell her ourselves what she is sure to hear from others. And then we shall be able to revenge ourselves at our ease upon this dirty fellow. PH. (*aside.*) My goodness! I 'm in a fix if I don't look out for myself. They are making at me with the air of prize-fighters. CH. (*aside.*) But I 'm afraid we can't make her forgive me.

DE. (*aside.*) Courage, Chremes! I 'll bring you back into her good graces, on the strength of this, that the woman by whom you had this child is out of the way.

PH. That's the way you deal with me, is it? a cunning attack enough! It's not for his good that you 've stirred me up, Demipho, by heaven! Aha! when you 've been carrying on abroad after your own sweet will without any regard for yonder noble lady, but on the contrary, insulting her in this strange fashion, would you come now with prayers to wash away your sin? Why, I 'll set her so afire against you with this story that you shan't put her out though you actually dissolve away in tears.

DE. Was ever a man so impudent! Why does n't the government transport the knave to some desert island?

CH. I 'm reduced to such a state that I don't know what to do with him. DE. I do, then. Let 's go to law.

PH. To law? to *her*, if you don't mind. CH. Follow him up; hold on to him while I call the slaves out.

DE. Enim néqueo solus: ádcurre. PH. Vna iniúriast
Tecúm. DE. Lege agito ergo. PH. Álterast tecúm, Chremes.
CH. Rape húnc. PH. Sic agitis? énim uero uocést opus:
Nausístrata, exi. CH. Os ópprime inpurúm: uide
Quantúm ualet. PH. Nausístrata, inquam. DE. Nón taces?
PH. Taceám? DE. Nisi sequitur, púgnos in uentrem íngere.
PH. Vel óculum exculpe: est úbi uos ulciscár probe.

NAVSISTRATA MVLIER | CHREMES SENES | DEMIPHO II | PHORMIO PARASITVS

NA. Qui nóminat me? hem, quíd istuc turbaest, óbsecro, V 9
Mi uír? PH. Ehem, quid nunc óbstipuisti? NA. Quís hic homost?
Non míhi respondes? PH. Hícine ut tibi respóndeat,
Qui hercle úbi sit nescit? CH. Cáue isti quicquam crédu*as.
PH. Abi, tánge: si non tótus friget, me énica.
CH. Nil ést. NA. Quid ergo? quíd istic narrat? PH. Iám scies:
Auscúlta. CH. Pergin crédere? NA. Quid ego óbsecro
Huic crédam, qui nil díxit? PH. Delirát miser
Timóre. NA. Non pol témerest, quod tu tám times.
CH. Egon tímeo? PH. Recte sáne: quando níl times,
Et hoc níl est quod ego díco, tu narrá. DE. Scelus,
Tibi nárret? PH. Ohe tu, fáctumst abs te sédulo
Pro frátre. NA. Mi uir, nón mihi dices? CH. Át . .

DE. I can't all by myself; run and help me.

PH. Here 's one suit for assault and battery against you!

DE. Go to law, then! PH. And another for you, Chremes.

CH. Hurry him off! PH. That 's it, hey? Why, then, I must use my voice — Nausistrata! Come out here!

CH. Stop his dirty mouth; just see how strong he is.

PH. I say, Nausistrata!

DE. Hold your tongue, won't you?

PH. Hold my tongue? DE. If he does n't come along, hit him in the belly with your fists.

PH. Gouge out an eye if you like; but I shall soon have a fine revenge.

SCENE IX

(*Enter* NAUSISTRATA *from* CHREMES'S.)

NA. Who 's calling me? Why, husband, what 's this disturbance about, for mercy's sake? PH. Holloa! what 's struck you so dumb now? NA. Who is this fellow? won't you answer me? PH. He answer you! when by heaven he does n't know who he is himself! CH. Don't believe anything the fellow says. PH. Go and touch him; if he 's not cold all over, you may murder me. CH. It 's nothing at all

NA. Well, then, what is he talking about?

PH. You shall soon find out — just listen.

CH. Are you going to believe him? NA. For mercy's sake, what should I believe when he has n't said anything?

PH. The poor wretch is raving mad with fear.

NA. Upon my word, it 's not for nothing that you are so frightened. CH. I frightened? PH. All right, then. As you 're afraid of nothing, and as what I say is nothing, just tell her yourself. DE. What! tell it for you, you scoundrel?

PH. Oho you! you 've done finely for your brother, of course! NA. Won't you tell me, husband? CH. But —

NA. Quid 'at'?
CH. Non ópus est dicto. PH. Tíbi quidem; at scito huíc opust
In Lémno NA. Hem, quid aïs? CH. Nón taces? PH. clam te CH. Eí mihi!
PH. Vxórem duxit. NA. Mí homo, di meliús duint!
PH. Sic fáctumst. NA. Perii mísera! PH. Et inde fíliam
Suscépit iam unam, dúm tu dormis. CH. Quíd agimus?
NA. Pro di ínmortales, fácinus miserandum ét malum!
PH. Hoc áctumst. NA. An quicquam hódiest factum indígnius?
Qui mi, úbi ad uxores uéntumst, tum fiúnt senes.
Démipho, te appéllo: nam cum hoc ípso distaedét loqui:
Haécine erant itiónes crebrae et mánsiones díutinae
Lémni? haecine erat éa quae nostros mínuit fructus uílitas?
DE. Égo, Nausistrata, ésse in hac re cúlpam meritum nón nego;
Séd ea quin sit ígnoscenda. PH. Vérba fiunt mórtuo.
DE. Nám neque neclegéntia tua néque odio id fecít tuo.
Vínolentus fére abhinc annos quíndecim muliérculam
Eám compressit, únde haec natast; néque postilla umquam áttigit.
Éa mortem obiit, é medio abiit, quí fuit in re hac scrúpulus.
Quam ób rem te oro, ut ália facta túa sunt, aequo animo hóc feras.

NA. But what?

CH. There's no need of telling.

PH. Not for you of course, but she ought to know. In Lemnos —

NA. Ah! what's that you say?

CH. Won't you hold your tongue?

PH. Behind your back —

CH. Oh dear me!

PH. He married another wife.

NA. God forbid, my dear man!

PH. It's true.

NA. Alas! I'm undone!

PH. And by her he's already had one daughter too, without your dreaming of it.

CH. What shall I do?

NA. Oh heavens! what a wicked, shameful thing!

PH. Do? you're done for!

NA. Was there ever anything more infamous! When it comes to their wives, they're old enough, forsooth! Demipho, I appeal to you, for I am sick of talking to this creature. This was the meaning, was it, of all those constant trips and long stays at Lemnos? this was the low prices that reduced our rents there?

DE. For my part, Nausistrata, I don't say that he does n't deserve to be blamed in this matter, but it is a fault that may be pardoned.

PH. Might as well talk to the dead.

DE. The fact is, it was not that he did n't care for you or that he disliked you. His affair with this woman was about fifteen years ago, once when he had drunk too much, and that was how this girl came to be born; he never went near the woman afterwards; she is dead and out of the way; that was the only stumbling-block left. And so I beg of you that you will bear this patiently, as you act in other things.

NA. Quíd ego aequo animo? cúpio misera in hác re iam defúngier;
Séd qui *id* sperem? aetáte porro mínus peccaturúm putem?
Iám tum erat senéx, senectus sí uerecundós facit.
Án mea forma atque aétas nunc magis éxpetendast, Démipho?
Quíd mi hic adfers, quam ób rem expectem aut spérem porro nón fore?
PH. Éxsequias Chreméti quibus est cómmodum ire, em témpus est.
Síc dabo: age nunc, Phórmionem quí uolet lacéssito:
Fáxo tali sít mactatus átque hic est infortúnio.
*DE. * Óbsecro, ne tám saevieris mínue iram Nausístrata.*
PH. Rédeat sane in grátiam iam: súpplici satis ést mihi.
Hábet haec eï quód, dum uiuat, úsque ad aurem obgánniat.
NA. Át meo merito crédo. quid ego núnc commemorem, Démipho,
Síngulatim, quális ego in hunc fúerim? DE. Noui aeque ómnia
Técum. NA. Merito hoc meó uidetur fáctum? DE. Minume géntium.
Vérum iam quando áccusando fíeri infectum nón potest,
Ígnosce: orat cónfitetur púrgat: quid uis ámplius?
PH. Énim uero prius quam haéc dat ueniam, míhi prospiciam et Phaédriae.
Heús Nausistratá, prius quam huic respóndes temere, audí. NA. Quid est?
PH. Égo minas trigínta per falláciam ab illoc ábstuli:
Eás dedi tuo gnáto: is pro sua amíca lenoní dedit.

* **Versum suppleuit Iac. Br. Gronouius.**

NA. Patiently — why should I? I certainly do want to have an end of it all, I'm so wretched; but how could I expect that? can I count on his sinning less as he grows older? He was an old man even then, if it's old age that makes men virtuous. Do my own looks or my years make me more attractive now than I was then, Demipho? Come, what can you offer to make me expect or trust that this won't happen again?

PH. All who desire to attend the funeral of Chremes, now's the time! That's the way I'll give it to 'em! Now come on, whoever wants to stir up Phormio! I'll ruin him as completely as I have Chremes.

DE. Don't be so angry; calm yourself, Nausistrata.

PH. Yes, yes, let him back into your good graces; he's been punished enough to satisfy me. And she's got something to din into his ears just as long as he lives.

NA. I deserved it, then, I suppose. Why should I, at this late day, Demipho, rehearse what a wife I've been to him?

DE. I know it all as well as you do.

NA. Do you think I've deserved this treatment?

DE. Never in the world. But what's done cannot be undone by reproaches. Do forgive him. He begs pardon, — he owns up, — he offers to atone. What more can you want?

PH. (*aside.*) Really now, before she pardons him I must look out for myself and Phaedria. (*aloud.*) See here, Nausistrata, just listen to me before you answer him offhand.

NA. What is it?

PH. I got thirty ducats out of him by a trick, and gave them to your son. He bought his mistress with them from her owner.

CH. Hém, quid aïs? NA. Adeóne indignum hoc tíbi uidetur, fílius
Hómo adulescens sí habet unam amícam, tu uxorés duas?
Níl pudere? quo óre illum obiurgábis? respondé mihi.
DE. Fáciet ut uolés. NA. Immo ut meam iám scias senténtiam,
Néque ego ignosco néque promitto quícquam neque respóndeo
Príus quam gnatum uídero: eius iudício permitto ómnia.
Quód is iubebit fáciam. PH. Mulier sápiens es, Nausístrata.
NA. Sátin tibist? *DE. Ita. CH.* Ímmo uero púlchre discedo ét probe
Ét praeter spem. NA. Tú tuom nomen díc mihi quid sit. PH. Phórmio:
Vóstrae familiae hércle amicus ét tuo summus Phaédriae.
NA. Phórmio, at ego ecástor posthac tíbi quod potero, quód uoles
Fáciamque et dicám. PH. Benigne dícis. NA. Pol meritúmst tuom.
PH. Vín primum hodie fácere quod ego gaúdeam, Nausístrata,
Ét quod tuo uiro óculi doleant? NA. Cúpio. PH. Me ad cenám uoca.
NA. Pól uero uoco. DE. Eámus intro hinc. NA. Fíat. sed ubist Phaédria
Iúdex noster? PH. Iam híc faxo aderit. *CANTOR.* Vós ualete et plaúdite.

CH. Hey! what 's that you say?

NA. Do you think it 's so very bad for a young fellow like your son to have oné mistress, when here you are yourself with two wives? Have you no sense of shame? How can you have the face to scold him for it? answer me that.

DE. He shall do everything you wish.

NA. Well, to let you know my decision, I neither pardon him nor promise anything nor make any answer at all, before seeing my son. I leave the whole thing to his judgment. I 'll do whatever he tells me.

PH. You are a wise woman, Nausistrata.

NA. Does that satisfy you? DE. Certainly.

CH. (*aside.*) Upon my word, I get out of it pretty finely, and better than I expected.

NA. (*to* PH.) Please to tell me your name.

PH. Phormio, a friend of your house, by heaven, and particularly of your son Phaedria. NA. Well, Phormio, after this I 'll do and say for you whatever you like as well as I can, upon my word I will. PH. That 's very kind of you. NA. I 'm sure you have deserved it.

PH. Do you want to begin by giving me a pleasure to-day, Nausistrata, and to make your husband's eyes ache at the same time? NA. Yes.

PH. Then invite me to dinner.

NA. Certainly, I invite you.

DE. Let us go in, then.

NA. Well, but where is Phaedria, who is to decide between us?

PH. I 'll bring him here.

C. Farewell, and give us your applause.

(*Exeunt*, PHORMIO, R., *the others to* CHREMES'S.)

THE VATICAN manuscript of TERENCE, numbered 3868 and written in the tenth century, is remarkable for the miniatures with which it is illustrated. These miniatures, based to a certain extent upon earlier works, are found at the beginning of each scene, while at the beginning of each play the masks of the different characters are represented.

The miniatures have never before been accurately reproduced. The complete set for the Phormio is here given from photographs taken in the Vatican Library expressly for the Classical Department of Harvard University. For the privilege of photographing and publishing, the Department is deeply indebted to HIS HOLINESS THE POPE and to the CARDINAL LIBRARIAN of the Vatican, and also returns its grateful thanks to the Right Reverend J. J. KEANE, Rector of the Catholic University of America, and to the Reverend Doctor F. Z. ROOKER, Vice-Rector of the North American College in Rome, through whose kind mediation the consent of the Vatican was obtained.

The number printed under each picture is that of the verse before which the picture stands in the manuscript.



I

This picture, which in the MS. stands alone on the page following the didascalia, *is here reduced to about one-third of the size of the original. The other pictures are not so reduced.*



II — The Prologue.



III — VERSE 35.



IV — Verse 51.



V — VERSE 153.



VI — Verse 179.



VII — Verse 231.



VIII — Verse 315.



IX — Verse 348.


GETA SERVVS
DEMIPHO SENEX
GRATINUS ADUOCATI
HEGIO III
CRITO

X — Verse 441.



XI — Verse 465.



XII — Verse 485.



XIII — Verse 534.



XIV — VERSE 567.



XV — VERSE 591.



XVI — Verse 606.



XVII — Verse 682.



XVIII — Verse 713.



XIX — VERSE 728.



XX — VERSE 766.



XXI — Verse 784.



XXII — Verse 820.



XXIII — Verse 829.



XXIV — Verse 841.



XXV — Verse 894.



XXVI — Verse 990.